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Sunday, Jan. 4, 1931

What Will Future Man Be Like?

A Fascinating Study of Life on Our Earth, Blunders Nature Has Made, and What Man Might Have Become If He Had Followed Different Paths of Progress



When the Progressive Drying Up of the Earth Shall Have Lowered the Present Level of the Ocean by About 1,640 Feet, the Liquid Areas Will Occupy Only a Very Small Part of the Surface of the Earth, as Is Shown in This Diagram.

By Prof. Rene Thevenin,
The Distinguished French Scientist.

CHAPTER VIII.

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

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"The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun."

—Francis Bourdillon.

AND as we come to that "last scene of all," as Shakespeare would say of the human race, "the lean and slippered pantaloon" stage of our dying planet, dying because its mother, the sun, is a dying star, looking like a great, dull-red moon, as it loafs slowly through an aimless sky as dark as midnight. On one side of the earth will be a motionless, pitch-black spot, our real moon, and on all sides no light save the cold brilliance of the stars.

Where will our descendants be in that last dreadful chapter, when "the light of the bright world dies with the dying sun"? They may be right here, warm, comfortable, well fed and happy, but they will have to be thinking of moving. It will be time to abandon the old homestead, not only of humanity, but of every other creature that went before, possibly the only spot in the universe where life has ever existed. Yet, except sentimentally, it may not be such a stretch to desert old Mother Earth.

Before this final period, however, it is very possible that our race will have gone through an era of extraordinary prosperity. In fact, during the final stages of the disappearance of water our descendants will see the oceans retreating little by little into their deepest abysses, as one of the accompanying illustrations explains, and during this period of retreat immense territories will become dry land, liberating wealth of all kinds for the benefit of man. This new soil, loaded with animal debris accumulated during an enormous number of centuries, will be extremely favorable for cultivation, as is shown at present by the "polders" reclaimed from the sea in Holland. In addition it will contain enormous reserves of coal, petroleum, gold, etc.

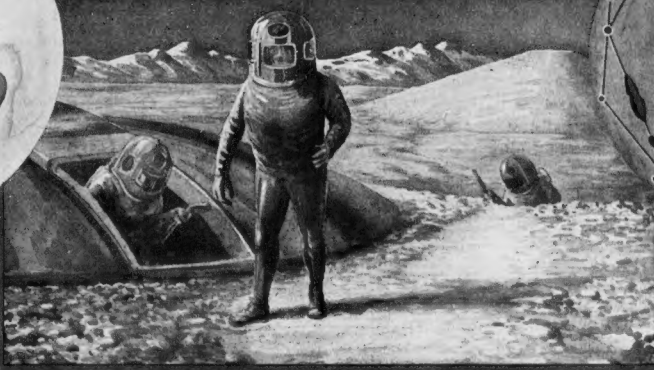
It is probable that cities and civilization will be moved there, abandoning old continents which will have become dead and sterile. In the course of this period, there is reason to hope that industry and science will derive an immense profit from this situation; industry, by utilizing the mineral materials which are now becoming scarce upon the earth and which it will then find at its disposition in abundance; science, by discovering in the new soil, accessible for the first time since the beginning of the world, many secrets that it is vainly studying today.

Indeed, it was in the bosom of the seas that life showed itself for the first time and it is in the depths of the seas that we may hope to find remains of the first ancestors of all living animal races. It may then be supposed that the paleontologists of the future will be able to reconstruct in its entirety the complete chain of descent of living organisms, a chain at present very incomplete.

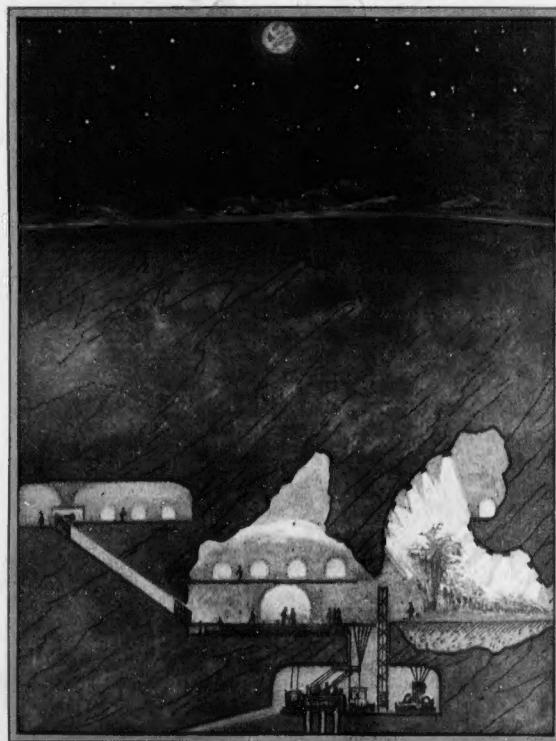
This splendid flight of material progress and scientific development will alone save us from the terrible situation in which we shall find ourselves when the conditions already described shall be realized.

In the preceding chapter it was said that our supreme refuge is the final period would be the interior of the earth, where we shall find the last vestiges of warmth, owing to the central heat lingering there, and also the last deposits of water. The manner in which our social life will be organized at that period may be imagined, as the writer has attempted to do in the accompanying illustrations. No regular communication being possible on the exterior of the globe, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the cities will be joined to one another by immense subterranean tunnels which will in part make use of the natural cavities that exist deep underground to facilitate their construction and also will open up vast pockets of water, where men will be able to enjoy this necessity of life.

It is also very possible that the underground exploration



In a Future Still Far Away the Impoverishment of the Atmosphere Will No Longer Permit Man to Circulate Freely on the Surface of the Earth, Except With the Help of Protective Apparatus Similar to Those Which Are Now Used for Going Under the Water in Which Man Cannot Breathe.



A Day May Come When, in Consequence of the Disappearance of Air and Water and the Slow Extinction of the Sun, the Surface of the Earth Will Become Uninhabitable. The Last Man Will Be Forced to Take Refuge in Natural or Artificial Cavities of the Earth, Where, No Doubt, the Progress of Science Will Have Succeeded in Maintaining Surroundings Favorable to Life. We Can Imagine Man Enclosed in a Body of Air, Artificially Rendered Luminous, Making Plants Grow by Artificial Radiation and Using for All His Needs the Chemical and Heat-Giving Resources of the Depths of the Earth.

If, When the Surface of the Earth Shall Have Become Unfit to Maintain Life and Men Are Driven to Take Refuge in the Interior, Because the Globe Is Frozen Except at the Centre, They Will Have No Means of Communication Among Themselves Except by Subterranean Tunnels. They Will, No Doubt, Make Use of Great Subterranean Caves, Which Are Believed to Exist and Which Will Help Out Their Tunnels. Here Also They May Find Subterranean Oceans.

tions will place at the disposition of man an important reserve of motor force and energy. During the voyage into the depths, indeed, the tunnels of communication will probably have to pass through hot, perhaps even burning, zones. This heat, far from being injurious to humanity, may be transformed by apparatus already known in principle into the electric current. In traveling it will be necessary for men to protect themselves from it by walls of a certain thickness. It is calculated that this method of heating, which could be put in operation imperfectly even today, will be quite simple for the scientists of the future.

In the future interior rapid transit and traffic, the force of central attraction will also be utilized. For instance, in going from Paris to Japan in a more or less straight line, it will be necessary to pass near the centre of the earth. The cars which will make this journey will be strongly attracted by the earth's force at the start, will acquire a considerable impetus and will retain part of this impetus after they have passed the point of maximum attraction. After that, it will only need a relatively feeble power to carry them to their destination.

But in the subterranean cities and houses of future times, it will be necessary to find the means of living, that is to say, to replace the essential elements of today which will be lacking, such as light, oxygen, etc., without which our bodies would no longer function.

Here we can almost without danger of being mistaken that these problems will be solved without great difficulty. It is very possible even that if science continues to follow the path of progress on which it has traveled for a century past, we shall find ourselves living under artificial conditions much more favorable to us than the natural conditions on which we still depend today. We shall prove this by several examples, chosen from among many others.

We shall cite some facts bearing on these problems from the remarkable reports of the last Congress of Arctology (the science of the chemical action of light) of France. Scientists, for instance, have studied animals well nourished and well cared for in every way, except that they have been brought to a state of artificial darkness. What happens to them? In spite of all the care with which they have been surrounded, these animals fade away little by little and end by dying prematurely. The same thing would happen under the same conditions to men living in subterranean depths.

But place these animals without sunlight but under ultra-violet radiation, not exceeding a carefully calculated limit, for a certain length of time. Then not only do we find them growing as strong and healthy as control animals left in the sunlight, but we find very soon that they are in a better state of health than the animals under natural conditions, that they have gained in weight and show an amount of calcium above that of the normal animal.

The first conclusion to be drawn from these experiments is that artificial light may have a better effect on the animal body than that which has been given to us in all past time by the sun. It is shown, therefore, that theoretically we can do without the latter.

In another experiment animals were kept also in darkness but without certain indispensable food elements. They became rickety, atrophied and showed eye troubles. Then they were submitted to a new system of radiation, the nature of which would require too much space to explain here, but which, like the previous one, was purely artificial. Then not only did these animals become cured but they continued to flourish without the nourishment hitherto essential, the deprivation of which would have made them die if they had remained in the sunlight.

From the second experiment a conclusion is to be drawn of importance to the men of the future. Even if they lack part of the nourishment without which they cannot live today, they will still be able to survive the

(Continued on Page 2)

"Jasper Pieces of Art" from the Jungle



A Ceremonial Wooden Mask from the French Congo Made by the Bateke Tribal Artist. It Looks Strangely Like the Portrait of a Scotchman. Note the Life-like Representation of the Monkey on the Figure's Head.

THE world-famous British Museum and other museums in Europe and America boast a few strange and interesting examples of art from the African jungles. But it was only recently that the British Museum sent an expedition into central Africa to collect enough such objects to form a large exhibit intended to acquaint the general public with the imaginative skill of the primitive tribesmen of the so-called Dark Continent.

Two of the photographs illustrating this article show elaborate and curious pieces of African art that will have prominent places in the new collection soon to be opened to the public in London.

The strange looking object at the left is a ceremonial mask fashioned by a member of the Bateke tribe in the French Congo. This ornate war club was the prized possession of a powerful black chieftain who was induced to part with the work of art for a few inexpensive trinkets offered him by the British Museum's field agents.

A Curious Mask of Basket Work Which Field Agents of the British Museum Discovered in the Interior of the Congo. The Mask is Painted with Pictures of a Monkey on the Face.



Just what part this mask played in tribal ceremonies is not known, but the thing is interesting because the figure carved on it looks strangely like the portrait of a Scotchman dressed in the picturesque Scotch bonnet. On top of this "bonnet" is a representation of a monkey which is so true to nature that, at a glance, the animal appears to be real.

From the Cameroons Comes This Ceremonial Drum Made of Wood and Suco and adorned with Pictures of a Toucan.

included in the same exhibit.

This is neither a mace nor a drum, but a ceremonial mask of crude basket work. It was worn by pagan priests at all tribal rites and was considered especially important at gatherings of natives about to go on the war-path.

Perched on the top of this mask is a carved toucan—a parrot-like bird famed for its viciousness and abilities as a fighter. To the New Guinea tribesmen the bird is a symbol of battle and victory and many of them paint crude pictures of toucans on their shields.



collected by the museum agents and will be sent to London as items in the enlarged display of primitive handicrafts.

What Will Future Man Be Like?—What Might He Have Become?

(Continued from Front Page)

decay of the sun and to keep alive by artificial methods of chemical and physical nature similar to those which have just been described.

These examples might be greatly multiplied. We could show many important effects produced by the ultra-violet, that is to say, the chemical rays, and by the infra-red, or heating rays, upon the nutrition of the body, and it would be proved again that these radiations, which are furnished somewhat parsimoniously by the solar light, may be advantageously obtained by scientific apparatus. We shall content ourselves here by noting that in the future subterranean cities men will be able to live without the light of the sun and perhaps better than today.

It will be the same with the air that we breathe. We have dealt with this question in a previous chapter. However seen, for instance, that oxygen for breathing purposes could be advantageously replaced by the gas, helium, and that helium can be extracted artificially from various bodies. In this case again we shall be able to live independently of nature.

Such improvements will enable us to live, if necessary, in regions very unfavorable to our bodies. On the surface of the earth, for instance, which will have become completely impossible as a residence, we shall still be able to venture out, much as we do today in the depths of the water, where we cannot breathe the surrounding medium but where we can live with the assistance of scientific appliances. In the future such appliances

have been greatly perfected to enable man to explore the surface of the earth without the aid of sun and air. It may be supposed, for instance, that future explorers will come up from the depths of the planet to the surface and seek to study the ruins and traces of past civilizations, just as our archeologists hunt the remains of the past today.

For these explorations they will carry protective suits, somewhat like divers' suits, provided with breathable air. It is artificially heated material will protect them against the terrible cold on the surface of the planet. Supplied with these costumes, they will be able to venture out on the surface of the planet. In the course of their explorations they will, no doubt, make some surprising discoveries, such as that of an aeroplane, an apparatus of which they will have difficulty in understanding the use, for aviation in their period will no longer be possible, at least in its present form, in an atmosphere which will be too rarefied to support the planes of the apparatus or permit the action of the propeller.

It is probable also that most of our machines will appear to them ridiculously cumbersome and of very disproportionate size to the services which they rendered to us of the past. The motor of this same antiquated aeroplane will seem to them the work of stupid and extravagant barbarians, spending fifty or a hundred times more power as was necessary to obtain the results sought.

They will take this point of view because they will have at their command an extraordinary source of energy, of which a brief explanation must be given. Today this energy is furnished us by nature in various forms, but we obtain it at the cost of efforts often very great and with results which are not always satisfactory.

Furthermore, the sources from which we obtain it are disappearing. Coal, wood, petroleum, etc., will be lacking one day, without mentioning air and water. How will we replace the first named sources of energy? Once again it must be said that we can solve this problem victoriously, for the reserve of energy of which we shall be in need already exists at our side, infinite, inexhaustible, capable of furnishing us power millions of times greater than that which we are using today.

What has been lacking up to the present is the free use of this enormous natural wealth. One of the scientists who was among the first to reveal its existence has made this interesting comparison: Imagine a man possessing a steel safe containing millions of dollars in gold dust. This man would be extremely rich, but suppose there was a mechanism on the unbreakable steel safe which would not permit him to draw out more than .0015 of a grain a day. In spite of his vast fortune the man would be extremely poor.

This is just the situation of humanity today. The wealth of power referred to is what is called intra-atomic energy, that is to say, the energy that is condensed in matter and is liberated by the slow dissociation of the atoms of which matter is composed, and which is always going on.

Do you wish to have an illustration of the immense power of this energy? Take a piece of uranium weighing only one twenty-eighth of an ounce. This metal, like many other bodies, sends out particles which it throws into space with speeds which are believed to be almost equal to that of light, that is to say, in round figures, about 186,000 miles a second. But these particles are so small that it requires millions and millions of years before the piece of metal can be totally spent up. Now let us suppose that some day we find a method of liberating all the atoms in a piece of metal in a very short time—for instance, in a second. The power represented by these particles moving at the unthinkable speed which they possess and stop, if all the energy in a second would correspond to about 6,800,000,000 horsepower. This is equal to saying that that single piece of metal about the size of an ant contains an energy equal to 5,000 tons of coal. Evidently a dissociation of matter as rapidly as that is likely to be always beyond our powers, even when science shall have made immense progress. But we do not need such an immense power. Even if that which we obtained from disintegrating matter were 100,000 times weaker than that calculated, it would still immensely surpass our present forms of power and would enable us to transform the world about us.

Shall we arrive at that point? Everything permits

us to believe it possible. Since the discovery of radium and radio-active substances considerable progress has been already made in these matters. When we understand the principle that lies behind an effect, we have a right to expect that one day we shall succeed in controlling it.

The radio-active principle of matter and its various consequences are at the present moment overturning many of the accepted principles concerning physics and the chemistry of the universe. And they are only just beginning to reveal their simplest secrets to us. It is probable that in a relatively short time many notions which we accept as proved in regard to science will be abandoned and replaced by entirely new laws, which will greatly modify our existence and the conception which we have of it.

At present what we are beginning to glimpse through these discoveries gives us an assurance of security concerning the comfort of the human race for a long time, concerning its progress under all forms of development and concerning its definite triumph over nature.

However, this triumph is far from being assured today, because we have still far to go and many dangers to be avoided before attaining it. Our ancient enemy has still many arms to use against us. And as she was jealous of the secrets which were wrested from her, she is striving step by step, to take them away from us and to punish us for having discovered them.

Human thought has long taken account of this supposed hostility of nature to man, and sought to express it in striking symbols in the earliest times. The ancient legend of Prometheus stealing the fire from heaven in order to have power like the gods and pursued for this deed by the vengeance of Jupiter, is not merely an idle fable born from the imagination of a poet. Like all ancient legends—and we shall perhaps have occasion some day to demonstrate this fact—it has a basis of profound truth. That intuition which exists in the intelligence of man and which belongs, no doubt, to the immortal part of his nature, has made him foresee in the form of a symbol the future of his species and his eventual destiny.

Like Prometheus, man, perhaps today on the point of discovering the secret of life, is also chained to his rock and feels a culture tearing at his vitals. He dreads the enemy away, but it returns more cruel and persistent than before. At the present moment no one can say which will come out victorious from this interminable combat.

What does that ferocious bird represent in real life? Who represents today the Hercules who, in the legend, came to liberate the Titan? In what scientific guise shall we find him? These are questions we shall try to answer later.

(To Be Concluded Next Sunday)

Author, Poet, Thief, He Weds in Handcuffs

FRANCE has come to expect daring and unusual behavior from its notorious bandit-bard, 25-year-old Francis Roche. But he gave his countrymen a thrill they hardly expected when he left his narrow cell in Sainte Prison the other day to marry Nille, Annik LeMoit, one of the most beautiful dancers of the Parisian stage.

A few hours before the ceremony was performed in a court house not far from the prison, the news got around that the perpetrator of a long list of robberies and swindles was to be let out of his cell long enough to bring the additional bliss of matrimony.

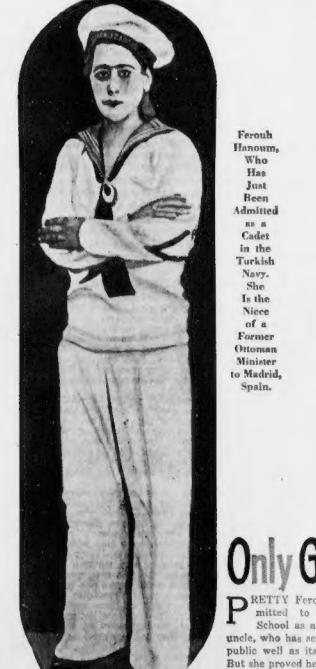
Most of the persons in the crowd that followed the priest van had read in the papers of Roche's unlawful exploits and of his twenty convictions for cleverly handled robberies. They also had read in the papers some of the romantic ballads written during his frequent stays behind the bars.

Roche was perfectly groomed for his wedding, but there was one incongruous note—shining circles of steel about his wrists held him to his "best man," who was a husky prison guard. The dapper bridegroom tried to hide the manacles with his hat, but the crowd caught the glint of the handcuffs. Some shouted their sympathy and others laughed and jeered at the strong bond between the perpetrator of a long list of robberies and swindles was to be let out of his cell long enough to bring the additional bliss of matrimony.

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The Modern Francis Villon (Holding His Handcuff Under His Hat) and His Bride Returning to the Prison After the Wedding Ceremony. Police Followed Them Half a Block Away.



Ferouh Hanoum Who Has Just Been Admitted as a Cadet in the Turkish Navy. She Is the Niece of a Former Ottoman Minister to Madrid, Spain.

Only Girl in the Turkish Navy

PRETTY Ferouh Hanoum was admitted to the Gedikli Naval School as a special favor to her uncle, who has served the Turkish Republic well as its minister in Madrid. But she proved herself a better student than most of the young men cadets in the school and, on the strength of her scholastic record, her application for an ensign's berth in the Turkish navy. This application was granted the

other day after the girl passed a series of special examinations intended to discourage her from her ambition to be an officer on a warship. Her instructors were forced to admit that she can "shoot the gun" and "box the compass" better than most of the male students in their charge and, except for her sex, they can offer no objection to the career she has mapped out for herself.

Nille, Annik LeMoit, Who Became the Bride of Francis Roche in Paris When the Authorities Allowed Him to Leave Jail, But Insisted That He Wear Handcuffs.

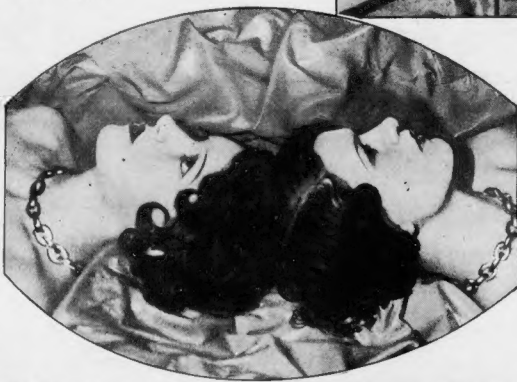
Fashionable Photographic Freaks

A New Idea in Portraiture to Emphasize Individuality and Get Away from the Conventional Bouquet of Flowers, Small Poetry Book or Pet Dog in the Picture



"Taken from a Balcony." Three Attractive English Women. (From Left to Right) Lady Cynthia Mosley, M. P., Mrs. Arthur James, Formerly Miss Zita Jungman, and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, Formerly Miss Georgia Doble, Who Is Seen at the Bottom (Center).

LONDON, December 24. MODERN man or woman does very little original thinking—we follow the crowd and do as the rest do. But now and then somebody has an original thought or a "happy idea," and immediately we accept it and follow it. And so it has come about that Mr. Cecil Beaton, a well-known young society photographer in London has started a new fad in portraits. Mr. Beaton has keen artistic perceptions and considerable originality. He points out that for many years photographers and artists have posed their subjects in conventional ways which were, for the most part, inartistic and revealed bad psychology.



The Ruthven Twins, the Honorable Mrs. John Leighton Barran and the Honorable Margaret Horre-Ruthven. This Picture Is Posed to Emphasize the Profiles of the Women.

Mr. Beaton is especially concerned with feminine beauty, and current customs of presenting women of charm which have prevailed since the early Victorian belles distress him. He sees no sense in posing a woman casually holding a little book of poems. He regards it as insipid for a photographer or artist to pose the sitter holding a bunch of wild flowers, and he refuses to allow a pet dog to intrude in front of his camera. If the object is to present a woman and her individual charms, then it is bad psychology to divide attention and divert the eye and mind of the observer by introducing a well-groomed dog to compete with his mistress. If it is a portrait of Fido that is desired—then pose Fido; but if it is Fido's mistress, then remove the clutter and competition of the book, the handful of flowers or the dog.

Some curious examples of how Mr. Beaton works out his theories of aesthetic photography are shown in the book he has just written, "The Book of Beauty," in which he illustrates his ideas with many portrait photographs and in the introduction he says: "This is the first attempt at an up-to-date version of the old book of beauty, in which early Victorian belles were engraved in steel, stroking doves with posies of wild flowers or baskets of eggs, some dallying with a small poetry book and pet dogs. I have tried to make my book an analysis of modern beauty; in time it may become a sentimental document for our grandchildren to marvel at all the types of beauty known."

In the portrait study of Miss Rosamond Pinchoat, daughter of the Governor of Pennsylvania, Mr. Beaton has concluded that the young woman's features are best presented by a profile view with head thrown back and full

aspect of throat, a strong light focused on forehead, face and neck, her hair and contour of head and shoulder. As this is the her presentation of Miss Pinchoat, Mr. Beaton repeats it again and again—six times.

The unique portraiture of the Jungman Sisters (Mrs. Arthur James and Miss Jungman) is conceived to emphasize quite different points of beauty: note the contour of features, neck and shoulders are strongly developed. Commenting on these interesting young English women, Mr. Beaton says: "The Jungman sisters are a pair of decadent 18th Century angels made of wax, exhibited at Madame Tussaud's before the fire. Baby is particularly nose and button lips, and her hair, her Devonshire cream pallor and limpid



Four Different Views of Lady Lavery Combined Into a Group-Portrait, Showing the Features From Different Angles and the Eyes at Different Elevations.

mauve eyes. She has a waxen buttony nose and button lips, and her hair, her Devonshire cream pallor and limpid

span of the flimsiest canary-bird silk-



The Jungman Sisters, Mrs. Arthur James and Miss Jungman, Posed to Show the Balanced Features and Exquisite Throats and Shoulders of the Pair.



Just Why the Photographer Posed Miss Edith Sitwell, the British Poetess, as in Death, Is Not Easy to Understand.

ness, has a habit of falling limply over her eyes, whence it is thrown back with a beguiling shrug of the head. "Zita has the same smooth polished complexion and shoulders, and unearthly hollow voice, but she has a serpent-like little nose and there is great architectural strength and firmness about her jaw and mouth. With her smooth fingers and rather flat head, like a silky coconut, like a medieval page and with her swinging gait, she looks very gallant, very princely. But she can, if she wishes, easily become a make-like beauty, with a mysterious smile and a cold glint in her upward slanting eyes, though it is more likely that she will impersonate to perfection a charming village maiden laughing deliciously up an apple tree."

Another example in the upper left-hand corner is quite an original portrait-group which Mr. Beaton explains was "taken from a balcony with the sisters posed below." They are (from left to right) Lady Cynthia Mosley, M. P., second daughter of the late Marquis Curzon; Mrs. Arthur James, formerly Miss Zita Jungman, and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, formerly Miss Georgia Doble, who is seen at the bottom center. Just how Mr. Beaton managed to pose "from a balcony" these three fashionable London women to produce this portrait, is difficult to understand. If the reader of this article will invite two friends in the room to put together their heads along with his (or hers) and look up at somebody with a camera "on a balcony" above,



Repetition Portrait of Rosamond Pinchoat, Emphasizing Her Best Points of Beauty Over and Over Again.

it would seem as if the ladies must have stretched themselves on the floor, head to head. The portrait Mr. Beaton labels, "The Ruthven Twins" presents the Honorable Mrs. John Leighton Barran and the Honorable Margaret Horre-Ruthven. Here the aesthetic photographer has somewhat the same idea as he employed in posing the Jungman sisters. But Mr. Beaton concluded that the profile was the important factor in the Ruthven Twins rather than the full face view as emphasized in the Jungman sisters. And the interesting photograph reveals how he worked out his object. Of these young women, Mr. Beaton writes:

"The Ruthven Twins are a most striking pair, always identically dressed; even to the brass necklaces, they are indistinguishable from one another. Richly carved with large full mouths, high cheek bones, and knobby noses, they are as decorative as a pair of Assyrian rams. They are Byzantine goddesses, dressed like faeries in a circus design by Picasso, with their dark locks tied with little tinad bows, their spangled ballet-skirts, and low-heeled shoes."

The portrait study of Lady Lavery is quite different from most of the other groups. Here the photographer has reproduced the features from different angles, with different elevation of eyes and has bunched the result in a grouping of four quite different aspects of Her Ladyship's features. Discussing Lady Lavery's qualities of beauty, he says:

"Lady Lavery. What a beauty! A strange and curiously fawn-like being, a wild animal from the woods, dressed artistically as a 'society lady' and happily her rare loveliness is preserved for future generations to pore and wonder over. She is the perfect artist's wife, the ideal to which every other artist's wife strives to come, a living inspiration with her mysterious, russet beauty, sensitive personality and charming taste. She is an eerie, unworldly-looking creature with a haunted look, pervading an atmosphere of mystery and sadness; she is like a dryad of the wood, but a dryad who happens to be an excellent producer of herself, who knows so well now and when to be at her best."

"It is strange that a dryad should be a first-rate dresser-up, but in this case it is so; how well Lady Lavery appreciates gloves and rich ruffs and muffs and braids in winter, and garden-party hats trimmed with lace and mauve ermine in summer! And how well they suit her! In common with every artist's wife she seems the fashionable dressmaker and the Bond Street jeweler; she plots and plans with the humble seamstress around the corner about what to make out of last year's organdie or that old length of turtan, and the result is a revelation. Her taste in colorings is rather literary, very personable and slightly unusual—pale mauve and shell shrimp or japonica-pink she likes, and oyster-gray and fuchsia colorings."

But why this new prophet of art and aesthetics in portraiture should have posed Miss Edith Sitwell, the poetess, as in death is hard to understand. Her taste in colorings is rather literary, very personable and slightly unusual—pale mauve and shell shrimp or japonica-pink she likes, and oyster-gray and fuchsia colorings. Like the tomb of the "Unknown Soldier," it is a mystery.

The Ex-Minister Who Turned Bandit to Publish His Book on Religion

REV. E. W. PARKES, a former Baptist minister in Wichita, Kansas, has revealed how the human mind may be warped into extraordinary inconsistency and the performance of an evil act to insure the success of a worthy endeavor. After laboring long and earnestly on a religious book showing the application of the life and teachings of Christ in modern America and finding no publisher to print it, the Rev. Mr. Parkes armed himself and held up a wealthy Wichita oil man at the point of his pistol with the demand for \$5,000.

The oil man refused and the clergyman did not fire the bullet he threatened, and the police seized him. The interesting question suggests itself as to what would have been the future career of the Rev. Mr. Parkes and what sort of satisfied conscience he would have had if his victim and handed him the \$5,000, and the book of moral teachings had been published—would the minister have complacently justified his act on the theory that a worthy end justifies unworthy means?

Soon after he was graduated from Baylor University, Parkes entered a Baptist seminary at Louisville, Kentucky, and, on his graduation from this institution, was ordained. He married and later accepted the pastorate of a Church in Horton, Kansas. His wife died, and, believing that he needed a partner to help in his church work, he married the woman who is now his wife and who remained loyal to him even when he turned bandit.

After four years of preaching, Parkes came to the conclusion that he



The Rev. E. W. Parkes, Former Baptist Minister, Who Turned a Bandit to Publish His Book on the Saviour's Life.

was not temperamentally suited to the ministry. It was his ambition to write a book on the application of Christ's teachings in this money-mad, pleasure-loving, ever-moving age. He believed that he could express his spiritual ideas in type better than from the pulpit.

To provide the necessities of life for himself and his wife he took a small paying position with a building and loan association and spent his nights working on his manuscript, which he titled: "Christ of the Twentieth Century."

Hardly had he plunged into his writing than a baby arrived to complicate his problem. There were times when his income was too meagre to provide proper



Mrs. Parkes, Wife of the Man Who Turned Bandit, and Their Little Daughter, Photographed When Notified of the Ex-Minister's Arrest.

food for the little family. Mrs. Parkes was an uncompromising housewife and she practiced the strictest economy.

be author, heavy-eyed and weary with his literary labors, fell into a mood of doubt and discouragement. And on more than one occasion he would have torn his slowly growing manuscript into bits had it not been for the steady hand of his wife.

At such times she would make him quit his typewriter while she talked to him of the air the book would make in this day when so many people have stopped going to church, or even thinking seriously about spiritual matters.

No one, she would assure the ex-minister, "has yet written a book showing clearly and interestingly how Christ and his teachings can be accepted in this day of movies, airplanes, radio and bootleg liquor, as completely as people accept the Saviour and his message in Biblical times. Your idea is a good one and you mustn't lose faith in it and yourself."

A few weeks ago the ex-minister finished his book and mailed the manuscript to a publishing house, confident that he had done a good job and that his views about the application of the Saviour's teachings in this day and age would inspire thousands of readers and solve his own acute economic problem.

Anxious days followed, during which the author hoped and prayed that his book would be accepted. Then, one morning, a letter came from the publisher stating the manuscript and assuring the former clergyman that the work would be published. There was one catch in the good news—Parkes would have to stipend the part of the initial cost of printing and binding the book.

Having little money, Parkes decided that he would become a lecturer to keep his family going and to earn the necessary funds to launch the book on which he had labored so long and sacrificed so much. His first lecture was attended by an audience of four persons. People were not interested in listening to a man they had never heard of expound his views on practical religion. Other lectures were arranged and failed to pay expenses. The Parkeses found themselves stranded in Herington, Kansas. Mrs. Parkes still loyal, still hoping that her husband's book would succeed, drew the

last few dollars from the family checking account. She kept some of the money for herself and baby, Gladys Ellen, and gave the rest to her husband, who told her he was going to Wichita to seek help from a friend.

He had no friend in Wichita and, driven to desperation, the one-time preacher of the Gospel thumbed through the directory and selected the name of Ed Hawkins, wealthy oil magnate, as the man to "help" him. Armed with a revolver, he called on Hawkins, but lost his nerve and went away without attempting a hold-up. Later in the day, after he had contemplated committing suicide with the gun, he returned to Hawkins' office and demanded \$3,000. He stressed his demand by threatening to kill the oil man with his revolver.

The intended victim of the hold-up indignantly refused to give Parkes a penny and the would-be bandit lost his nerve and fled from the man's office after making him promise that he would not notify the police. He went to St. Mary's Cathedral, where he confessed his contemplated crime to Father Stimmel. From the cathedral he telephoned Mr. Hawkins and begged his forgiveness.

The oil man had kept his promise, but as business was slow he had asked the police of the attempted hold-up and alert detectives traced Parkes through his call from the cathedral. His arrest followed and he went on to jail.

Damfounded, Mrs. Parkes rushed to Wichita with her baby after the police had telephoned her that her husband was locked up as a dangerous character. Heart-broken as she was, she assured her husband that she would be his such an act, and that she would have him out of jail and make a new start.

Strangely enough, Mr. Hawkins, after he learned the story of the ex-clergyman's struggles to make a living for himself and his family and to realize his ambition as a writer, willingly agreed to lend the assistance that Parkes had tried to force from him at the point of a gun.

Not only has Mr. Hawkins refused to prosecute, but he has extended the hand of friendship to a man less fortunate than himself. Other men in Wichita, touched by the pitiful plight of the ex-minister and the example of the wealthy oil man, are helping him become a useful member of society. It is even hinted that they will advance the money for the publication of the religious book that almost made him a bandit.

Found—Ruins of the World's First Medical School

SOON after Italy obtained possession of the island of Cos from Turkey in 1912, Italian archaeologists began to lay plans for an ambitious series of excavations high up in the mountains of the island. They did not say what they expected to find, but a few weeks ago their government sent out the news that the soil of Cos had yielded what undoubtedly was the first medical school in the world.

The "school" is really a temple, erected to Aesculapius, the Greek legendary god of medicine, and little is left of it except a foundation and a jumble of stone fragments which once were the pillars, walls and roof of one of the most beautiful buildings of ancient times.

Inscriptions found on some of the stone fragments and votive offerings left by patients who were "cured" by priests of the temple have convinced the archaeologists that this has been a famous temple and a place of many temples to the mythical god of medicine.

The type of architecture and the character of the inscriptions and relics seems to prove that part of the temple was erected early in the sixth century B. C. Other parts of it probably were added as late as the second century B. C.

Particular interest attaches to the ruins at Cos because it was on this island that Hippocrates, "the Father of Medicine," was born in 460 B. C. He followed in the footsteps of the Asclepiades, the priests in charge of the temples erected to the legendary god of medicine. But he did away with much of the religious superstition that



Ruins of the Temple of Aesculapius. On the Central Column in the Background Can Be Seen the Stone Which Once Formed the Altar of the "Panacea Tarax."

marked the earlier worship of Aesculapius and introduced medical methods and materials that are, with some minor changes, in use by physicians today. That's why he is called the "Father of Medicine."

The Greeks who lived on Cos during the life of Hippocrates believed that he was a direct descendant of Aesculapius and they looked upon him as a half god. They did not throw away all of the meaningless rites which went with the ancient treatment of disease, but in addition to the traditional pray-

ers, incantations and hymn singing, he introduced practical methods of healing in the form of poultices, gargles, pills and ointments, most of which were made from substances in good pharmaceutical use today.

It is supposed that Hippocrates was one of the priests at the temple of Cos and that he carried on most of his original studies in medicine there. Of course he imparted his knowledge to his fellow priests.

History records that the temple at Cos was destroyed by an earthquake in 554 A. D. and the archaeologists have assumed from the condition of the stone and the depth of the soil that covered it that the historical date is correct.

Aesculapius originally was one of the Greek pantheon of legendary gods, but when Rome was ridden with a pestilence in 293 B. C., the Romans adopted him as one of their own deities and erected many temples in his honor. The oldest of these temples so far unearthed on Roman soil is young compared to the temple at Cos.

When the excavations of what probably was the world's first school of medicine are completed, it is probable that the Italian government will begin the task of restoring the temple as a monument to the science of healing.



Mrs. Alice Haag, of Needham, Wisconsin, Who Offers Living Proof That Women Are Not Inferior Physically or Mentally to Men.

Women Inferior? This Hardy Farm Woman Proves Differently

READERS of the American Weekly will recall its publication some weeks ago, of a double-page article explaining how scientists recently had arrived at the conclusion that women do not deserve to be called the "weaker sex."

The article told of many instances in which women have shown themselves to have greater physical endurance than men and to be more capable of bearing pain. It cited the exploits of women athletes who have performed feats of strength and endurance impossible to any but the strongest of men. And, of course, it had something to say about the supposed mental inferiority of women, which is also a myth that scientists had little difficulty in exposing.

Among the many thousands of women who read this article was Mrs. John Haag, a farm woman living in Needham, Wisconsin. She

was inspired by the article to tell how she is disproving every day the persistent and universal belief that woman is the "weaker vessel."

In a letter addressed to the editor of the American Weekly, Mrs. Haag writes: "In the year that I have been living on our farm here I have done all kinds of heavy farm work. I can handle a plow with the best of the men farmers in this part of the country and I am the champion hay loader in this neighborhood."

"I can fell a tree as well as any woodsmen and I often have felled, trimmed and piled two big loads of oak wood in a day. It is not unusual for me to cut and pile two cords of pulpwood in eight hours of work."

Anyone who has worked in the woods will admit that this is a day's work for an able-bodied and energetic male. But this is

only one evidence of Mrs. Haag's strenuous existence.

Her letter goes on to say that she can handle a 100-pound bag of grain as easily as the average woman, not accustomed to hard physical labor, can handle a 10-pound bag of sugar.

At further evidence of her physical equality with men, this Wisconsin woman relates that she is an expert carpenter and that she often repairs pieces of farm machinery. If the farmhouse needs painting, she paints it—inside and out. And when the rooms get a bit shabby she turns her hand to papering the walls and whitewashing the ceilings. There is no job on a farm that she hasn't done, and she has waxed healthy and happy all her strenuous duties.

The photograph of Mrs. Haag, at the right, shows plainly that she is a charming and

feminine woman for all her Amazonian feats of strength of endurance. She is looked upon in Needham as a model home-maker and she does all her own housework. She plays the piano and has a pleasant singing voice.

When her work in the fields and in the house is done for the day she does not go to bed exhausted—for then she sews all her own clothes and does the mending for herself and her husband. She is an expert needlewoman and finds many hours every week to exercise this skill for the adornment of her home and the delight of her relatives and friends.

Mrs. Haag apparently does not regard her superiority as unusual, for she ends her letter with the modest explanation that she is merely citing one example of female capabilities and hopes no one will think she is bragging.

Science Devises a "Thermometer" For Measuring Taste

Interesting New Researches Indicate That There Are Only Four Tastes (Sweet, Bitter, Salt and Sour) and Explains Why Some People Need Three or Four Lumps of Sugar in Their Coffee, Others Dose Their Food Heavily With Vinegar, Pepper and Condiments, and Why There Are So Many Bad Cooks

A—Outline of the Human Tongue, showing the location of the "Taste Buds" and the Taste Cells Which Carry the Sensation of Sweetness to the Brain.



D—The Taste Cells Which Receive the Sensation of Sourness and Saltiness Are Located at the Sides of the Tongue, and Carry the Sensation of Sourness and Saltiness to the Brain.

JUST beneath the surface of our tongues there are thousands of tiny nerve endings. These endings are contained within minute groups of living cells which, under the microscope, look something like flower buds. These groups are called "taste buds" because of their appearance, and because they are believed to be the real organs of taste. From them the sensations of taste are carried by the nerves to the taste centers in our brains. All of the apparent hundreds of different tastes can be reduced, in reality, to four—sweet, sour, salt and bitter. Some people have more "taste buds" than others, and each of us differs, more or less, in our sensitivity to these four fundamental tastes of sweet, sour, salt and bitter.

Working upon this set of facts psychologists at Colgate University have devised a "thermometer" for measuring taste. With it they can determine just how much any person varies from the standard and what they have fixed as normal taste sensitivity, and they have provided reasons for a number of table idiosyncrasies which have long puzzled observers.

Some people, for example, must have three or four lumps of sugar in their breakfast cup of coffee, while another member of the family takes only one lump or half a lump. But the coffee of the four-lump man tastes no sweeter to him than does the half-lump coffee to its drinker. The four-lump man uses more sugar because his "taste buds" are not so sensitive to sweetness as are the "buds" of the half-lump man.

Some persons reach for the vinegar cruet when the spinach is served, while others prefer butter and will not eat spinach with vinegar on it. The spinach-butterers probably have a "taste bud" structure, which gives them more than enough sour taste from the acid materials naturally present in vegetables of this type. They need the butter to reduce this overstrong sour sensation. The vinegar users are just the other way about.

These "taste buds" probably explain why there are so many bad cooks. Eluding those who are curious, slovenly, or untrained, it would seem that the others are poor cooks because they have a poorly developed sense of taste. They are misfits—like a salesman of figured silks who is more or less color blind, or a telephone operator who is partly deaf.

Great cooks like Escoffier, the late Dr. Lillat-Savarin and De Gorge, the private chef of the Prince of Wales, probably have a highly developed equipment of "taste buds."

The taste "thermometer" provides a means of testing the cook before she is hired, and of finding out whether she can taste the difference between good cooking and poor cooking. Some authorities add two or three other tastes to the four basic ones of sweet, sour, salt and bitter—namely, a soapy or alkaline taste, a peppery taste, a metallic taste. Most flavors, everyone agrees, are produced by a combination of tastes and smells. If small bits of apple, potato, turnip and carrot, for example, are cut to the same size, treated so that each bit has identically the same sweetness, sourness, saltiness, bitterness, and are then fed to a blindfolded person whose nose has been plugged to stop out the sense of smell, these four different materials cannot be distinguished by him one from the other. If the sense of smell is present, sweet, salt and bitter are alike, the sense of taste alone makes the difference among the things that produce these sensations.

This fact simplified the work of the Colgate scientists in devising the taste "thermometer." It was not necessary to have the taste scale represent every conceivable flavor, composed of combined tastes and smells. All that was needed, at least for the first stage of the investigation, was a device that would record the intensity of the four simple taste sensations—sweet, sour, salt, bitter.

This is the device which Professor Donald A. Laird and his co-workers,

A "Taste Bud" From the Human Tongue.

(A) The Cells Which Perceive the Sensation of Sweetness. (B) Their Ends. (C) Supporting Cells. (D) Surrounding Tissue. (E) The Nerves Which Carry Taste Sensations to the Brain.



Miss Madge Bellamy, Whose Honey-moon Was Ended Almost Before It Had Begun, Because, Among Other Things, Her Multi-Millionaire Husband, Mr. Logan Metcalf, Had an Irresistible Appetite for Ham and Eggs, and This Dish Reviled Her.

Cameron Farquhar and Richard Kehoe, have perfected. Four colorless and odorless solutions have been found, containing substances each of which produces one of these simple tastes. To determine the "zero" of the taste thermometer, the investigators first discovered by trial what percentages of these four materials are barely sufficient to produce the corresponding sensation, a trifle smaller percentage producing no sensation. They did this by trying them on supposedly normal students and workers in the laboratory. The next problem was to fix the "boiling point." This boiling point of taste was determined by finding how much of each of the four substances in solution would produce the greatest possible taste solution, so that any further addition of the sweet, sour, salt or bitter material caused no additional strengthening of the taste.

This done, the taste thermometer was divided into one hundred equal parts between the zero taste and the maximum taste. Such is the taste thermometer as it now stands. By placing droplets of the four solutions on a person's tongue and by varying the strengths of these solutions, it can be determined whether, for example, his "zero" for sweet is 25 or 45 and so on, or whether it is the "zero" of the



Rudolf H. Gorge, Private Chef to the Prince of Wales, Who, Like His Grandfather, the Late King Edward, Is Most Exacting as to His Cooking. This Chef Holds the Position Not by Accident, but Because He Has a Particularly Well-Developed Sense of Taste.

"thermometer." Every degree above the standard "zero" means his taste for sweet is just that much dulled. The combined readings for all four tastes show how much off the normal his taste is. The four different kinds of taste cells, or "buds," occupy different parts of the tongue. Where they mingle in the same regions they seem to vary in their depth below the surface. Those which pick up the sour taste are concentrated on the edges; those which respond to sweet are all in the tongue's tip; those which carry the bitter taste are all by themselves at the base of the tongue, and those which carry the salt taste to the brain are concentrated both at the tip and edge, and so partly in

How the Sensations of Taste and Smell

The Taste Nerves in the Forepart of the Tongue, Indicated at (A), Reach the Lower Part of the Brain Through One Nerve, Taste Nerve on the Back Portion of the Tongue Take a Different Path (B). The Taste Cells Located in the Lower Part of the Brain (C). Smell Sensations Reach the Brain Through the Olfactory Nerve in the Upper Part of the Nose (D), and Are Received in the Olfactory Lobe of the Brain (E). When Anything Is Taken or Drunk, Vapors Produced from the Mouth Pass Backward Through the Mouth and Upward From Behind Into the Nose, as Indicated by Arrows, and the Two Different Sets of Sensations Are Interpreted by the Brain as One.

the territory of the sour and sweet. That all four are different, and that each can carry only its own peculiar message, has been proved by tests with a weak solution of cocaine. This drug, as every dental patient knows, is capable of paralyzing all kinds of nerves. If a slight amount of cocaine is applied to the surface of the tongue, the sensations are not all destroyed at once, but in a perfectly definite order. The first sensation affected is that of touch, so that no difference is felt, for example, between hard butter and fluid oil. Next the sensation of pain fades away, but the tongue can be cut or pricked without its owner feeling it. Then the taste has been affected scarcely at all; sweet, sour, bitter and salt can still be tasted. The first of these to go is the taste of bitter; a little later sweet cannot be perceived—sugar taste like sand. Next goes the taste of sour and last of all the taste of salt.

The meaning of these cocaine tests seems to be clear. There must be at least six kinds of nerve-endings in the tongue—the touch nerves, the pain nerves, the bitter nerves, sweet nerves, sour nerves and salt nerves. As the sour nerve reaches each of these in turn, each set is paralyzed. The last to go, the nerves that taste salty things, may be more resistant to the action of the



Sugar Is Palatable and Raw Oysters Are Relished by Many—But an Oyster Flavored With a Spoonful of Sugar Is Repulsive. Why Lemons, Horseradish or Tomato Catsup Are Acceptable, While Sugar Is Abhorrent on an Oyster Is One of the Many Mysteries of Taste Which May Now Be Fully Explained by the Taste "Thermometer."

people seem unable to taste anything unless they have first covered it with sharp, pungent or spicy sauces like catsup or chow-chow. The slightly painful peppery constituents of these sauces may be acting, through a different set of nerves in the tongue like ordinary pain nerves, to bring more blood to the tongue's surface, or to stimulate in some other way the action of the true taste nerves, otherwise too sluggish or insensitive to perceive the taste of unpeppery materials.

More complicated examples of mixed taste sensations undoubtedly involve, also, the co-operation of the smell sense. It is a common metaphor to say that a person with a good taste sense has a "well-trained palate." Actually the palate, which is well to the rear of the mouth, possesses almost no taste sensation. The reason flavor is supposed to be detected by the palate is that food or other materials carried to the rear of the mouth send their emanations more directly into the back of the nose, so that the smell sensations are perceived more strongly and accurately. These mixed sensations of smell and taste are interpreted by the brain as one.

It has been said that more marriages have been spoiled by disagreements about food than from any other cause. This danger to matrimonial peace might be minimized, if not entirely averted, by preliminary tests of bride and groom with the taste thermometer. This might have saved the romance of Madge Bellamy, the popular actress, and rich Mr. Logan Metcalf, from wreckage. On the first morning of their honeymoon Mrs. Metcalf discovered that her husband had an irresistible appetite for ham and eggs. It was the one dish that she loathed. They quarreled about it. They quarreled about other things, of course, but Mr. Metcalf has been quoted as saying that it was the first disagreement about ham and eggs that started it all. A pre-nuptial analysis of their tastes might have given Mr. Metcalf an exact taste substitute for ham and eggs which would not have been offensive to Miss Bellamy.

Chefs and gourmets alike have long been puzzled by what is known as the greatest gastronomic mystery. That is why an oyster is delicious when eaten on its own, acceptable with lemon, horseradish, or catsup. Sugar is palatable by itself, and plain raw oysters are relished by many. But in combination they are abhorrent. The Colgate University researchers may provide an answer to this puzzle, too.

Necessary Nuisances That Annoy Everybody

Death and Taxes Are Unavoidable, but What Excuse Is There for Clothes That Shrink, Almost Burglar-proof Tin Cans, Crowded Theatre Districts, Kinky Telephone Cords and Other Avoidable Pests?

SCIENCE has made it possible to see a billion miles into space, to fly and even talk around the world, to test the speed, heat and size of distant stars, and no end of other startling miracles. And yet, all this time it has neglected to rescue the human race from a series of unnecessary evils and nuisances of much greater importance to the health and happiness of most people.

For instance, guns and shells have been so perfected that they will open up the steel armorplate of a battleship ten miles away. It seems strange that the brilliant minds responsible for the armor-piercing projectile never took a day off to improve the common, ordinary tin can so that it could be opened by the common, ordinary housewife without a struggle and the danger of cutting her fingers. Of course, many cans now are not supposed to be "jimmied" with a can-opener, but to yield to a "key." In actual practice that key often gets divorced from the can before the union is consummated in the kitchen. Even when the key is there, it is an interesting speculation as to how many turns one can make before the thin strip of tin breaks.

It has been often pointed out that the American public is a patient animal; it takes things as it finds them and does little grumbling. And yet it welcomes relief from imposition and unnecessary nuisances whenever some intelligent manufacturer puts on the market a product or offers a service freed from the nuisance the public has endured without complaint.

When a soap made its appearance which floats, countless thousands welcomed it and will never again buy a soap which dives to the bottom of the tub and must be pursued in its slippery wanderings. The process of incorporating minute air bubbles into the soap composition to make it float is perfectly well known and is covered by any restriction of patent rights. Why should any soap be on the market that does not float?

There is nothing mysterious about shrinking cotton or woolen fabrics. Tailors see to it that their cloth is properly shrank before they cut a suit or overcoat. Why do manufacturers of underwear put on the market garments which they know will shrink the first time the customer sends them to the laundry? Why force the customer to buy a size that is too large for him in order to "allow for shrinking," or else sell him the right size, knowing that it will never be right after it has been worn once and washed?

Many towels are put on the market with not very much more power of absorption than a pine board. The towel must be sent to the laundry again and again before the artificial fluffing is thoroughly gotten out of it and it is back to where it was before its efficiency was impaired at the mill.

Although this is an age of fountain pens, yet the old-fashioned steel pen still is in use. But the manufacturer still continues to put such a high, slippery bullet on the steel pen that the ink withdraws from the point and collects in a droplet somewhere before it reaches the highly polished pen must be soaked until the acid of the ink has etched away the slippery surface before it is fit to use. It is really necessary to hand the customer a pen which must be "broken in" like a pair of shoes!

Nobody knows why so few toothbrushes have holes in the handles to hang them by, why corried beef is now embalmed with spices instead of corned in salt, why shoes are still turned out with squeaky soles, bureau with drawers that stick and shirts with brittle buttons sure to break in the laundry. There is no reason why telephone receivers should be equipped with cords that curl, kink and twist into knots—there is plenty of unkinable wire on the market. All these "got-getting" nuisances could be eliminated with a comparatively small amount of trouble, but nobody bothers.

One does not need to be a scientist to understand that neckties made of silk, cut on the bias, can be relied on to distort themselves into comic shapes

the first time they are tied. Unless necktie manufacturers do not wear neckties, it seems strange that they have not made this discovery.

At Washington, D. C., are learned scientists who can tell anyone how to lay a concrete road that will resist frost, rain, sun and even the deadly milk truck. Yet nobody has told Uncle Sam how to make stamps that will not curl up like Autumn leaves. Perhaps socks that will never wear out cannot be hoped for till the millennium, but the average man and woman can't understand why book publishers still bind their volumes in leather which, in time, will fall to pieces, even if the book is never handled.

The woman who buys a pretty lot of outdoor furniture is often surprised and indignant to find that the paint will not stand the weather and that it is put together with iron hardware that rusts and stains her clothes. Having read of stainless steel, rustless iron and spar varnish, she thinks someone is to say the least, "dumb." And why isn't rustless steel used for rifle, shotgun and pistol barrels?

But science and efficiency sometimes go too far. Thus melons which taste like pumpkins are now common on the market. Instead of the old-time, delicious melons which made the reputation of these fruits. So too, strawberries have been patiently bred to stand long trips and hold their firmness for a long period on the grocery man's shelf—but this process has often-times robbed the "strawberry" of its strawberries of all the delicious flavor



New York Police Keeping the Crowd on the Sidewalk in the Overcrowded New York Theatre District While Other Police Try to Keep the Taxicabs and Private Cars Slowly Crawling Through the Streets.



There Is no Reason Why the Public Should Be Inflicted With Telephone Cords Which Twist and Kink—There Is Plenty of "Unkinable" Wire Available.

to be justified by the huge ground rent in the theatre district. During the theatre rush, traffic is so congested that it takes all the resources of the police department to contrive ways to keep it moving at all.

Mumbling actors who can only be heard distinctly in the first dozen rows are another unnecessary nuisance which helps keep theatres half empty. The defense for this muffled diction is that the modern actor speaks in a "natural" voice, not in the ringing, theatre-filling tones of Booth and Barrett, which are now considered "inartistic." To the unfortunate theatre-goer in the only seats he has usually been able to obtain without being "gypped" by the speculators these mutterings and whisperings are not art but an outrage. Incidentally, John and Lionel Barrymore are not too proud to make themselves understood in the last row of the gallery, and they do not give the impression of yelling, either.

Umbrellas could be made lighter and more efficient but for a foolish custom. Some 40 years ago the cotton umbrella was an almost perfect rain-shield and it was light and cheap. Then came the silk umbrella which was more expensive. The silk folded a little thinner than did the cotton and to emphasize the difference a thin heavy steel rod was substituted for the light wooden one and thinner and thinner silk used until now it is accepted as a matter of course that the rain comes through in the form of fine spray. Even the cotton umbrella has adopted the rod nuisance and sometimes is so thin that it is really no better than an expensive silk one.

Curtains are at the bottom of much noise nuisance which boards of health in the big cities are trying to abate. For some unknown reason it is the almost invariable habit of singers before going through vocal exercises to throw open the windows, thus insuring the maximum annoyance to the neighbors. Worse than this annoyance are riveting machines, though steel frames of build-

The Bombardier Is Able to Provide a Comfortable Seat and a Serviceable Perch for His Customers' Feet and Even a Screen to Hide Ladies' Knees and Legs While He Uses an Electric Brush to Put on a High Polish. But With All These Conveniences and Inventions, Nobody Has Provided Mankind With a Shoe Polish That Won't Rub Off on Stockings or Trousers.

ings can now be erected by the silent welding process. The first automobiles went roaring and banging through the streets without mufflers until police regulations forced them to silence their exhausts. Aeroplanes, by refusing to bother with mufflers, have made such public nuisances of themselves that most communities would as soon have a garbage-disposal plant as an airport. To make themselves as objectionable as possible, many aviators delight in buzzing around over the cities where they can annoy the greatest number of people and, in case of accident, are most likely to fall on somebody in the crowded streets. Outboard motors rivaled the plane in racket-making but recently the manufacturers have begun to silence the little motors.

While automobile cut-outs are not countenanced any more in civilized communities, yet big trucks are allowed to roar through the streets, and so are motorcycles.

Has anybody tried to make a shoe polish that won't come off and smut wherever it touches? Here lies a fortune for somebody.

Salt and pepper shakers usually are twins, indistinguishable until the holes are cautiously and carefully examined. They ought to have distinguishing marks or shapes as unmistakable as the skull and bones on the poison bottle in the medicine closet.

Radio is mysterious, but perhaps the deepest mystery of all is why stations strive to win the children with bedtime stories and yet affront intelligent par-

ents with the slovenly pronunciation of their announcers. Few words are used more frequently by announcers than the word "program" and yet many of them still pronounce it "program." One well-known announcer constantly pronounces Roosevelt, "Roos-ter-volt."

"Read your policy" is written on most insurance policies. But they are written in such obscurantist style that not one man in a hundred can be sure what they mean, and must have it interpreted by his agent. Many a person has wished that the companies would have a translation of the policy in plain English.

Advertisers who forget to mention the price frighten away many thoughtful persons. No matter how many good things may be said about an article, it means almost nothing to most people unless there is also given the key-fact of how much it costs. For instance, a tire that would run a million miles would be a bad one to buy if it cost too much.

Financial statements solemnly mailed to stockholders of big corporations carefully leave out nearly all the information the stockholders would like to know, such as the president's salary, commission, expense allowance for private railroad cars, automobiles, etc., and how much free stock he was given for getting cities to build roads. Some of the big railroads also operate fine, expensive hotels—but no report to the stockholders mentions how much free board is dead-weight to the president and the higher officials and their wives and families and poor relations.

The first Pullman cars had windows that stuck and could only be opened with the aid of a porter and a sort of burglar's "jimmy." This same nuisance that bothered our grandfathers has fully abated even to the present day. Those who dine out in a restaurant want to see the bill-of-fare as soon as they sit down. But the custom is to secrete the menu somewhere so that it is withheld from the guest as long as possible, and then the moment the order has been received, the head-waiter pounces on it and takes it back to its hiding place. And why has it never occurred to the waiter instead of turning his back on their customers or going off to far corners of the room to discuss their family troubles with other waiters?

'Sun-Bathers' Not to be Hampered at the Florida Resorts



"Backless" Suits of the "Back to Nature" Visitors Measured and Approved and the Complaints of "Old-Fashioned" Objectors Dismissed

BACKS have won out in Florida. Sun-bathing, which was challenged by the conservative elements in Miami Beach and St. Petersburg, has been approved by city officials of both big resorts. Women may expose their entire backs to the sun and public gaze, but men are to be somewhat restrained. If they are to bathe or lounge in the European fashion of trunks only, they must retire to the private solariums or to an isolated beach set apart for them.

But the ladies may bare their spines to the Florida sun and the eyes of the swimming with no fear of official interference. They may parade the beaches and adjacent streets in backless bathing suits. And in their club solariums they may dispense with bathing suits altogether and need keep watch only for prying aircraft.

With the return of the long skirt for formal wear, women began to cut the backs of their gowns deeper and deeper. Bathing suits followed this fashion. The new vogue for sun-bathing gave a splendid excuse for omitting the backs of bathing suits altogether.

The sun cult, as it is sometimes called, also led some of the bolder and not vain of the men to adopt the common Continental custom of wearing nothing but bathing trunks on beaches. Anyone who has seen photographs of Bernard Shaw and himself on the Riviera can imagine how their fathers and brothers would look at this airy way.

This craze among the men for almost complete nudity at the shore did not make any considerable progress at Summer in the North. But with the arrival of the first winter visitors to Florida it became apparent that the men intended to expose their entire backs to the sun as completely as women did their backs. So the city of the "old-fashioned" residents of the resorts, originally directed at the de-spines of the women, included the good chests of the men.

But again it was not the women who did. They may parade their backs all they want to, but the mainly boom must be covered except in the solariums and on distant beaches. In St. Petersburg, the war on bare backs was launched by the West Coast Plural League, an organization of women said to have been identified in the past with anti-cigarette and anti-brotherhood. One thing the ladies in this league seemed to fear as much as anything else was the effect of the exposed flesh on their "daring husbands."

In a letter to Police Chief E. Noel, of St. Petersburg, Mrs. Viola Rae, president of the West Coast Cultural League, said:

"There is upon the statute books of your city an ordinance that deals with indecent exposure of the person, an ordinance unenforced for at least ten years, for several reasons, the main one being that no clear interpretation of what constitutes 'indecent exposure' has ever been given by your courts."

"That with the advent of the one-piece bathing suit, and later the silly bathing fad, beach clothes in general became so much more revealing, reaching such a point that any statute that dealt with indecent exposure of the person will have to be wiped off our books, or be regarded as something obsolete or as a relic of the good 'ol times."

"Bathing suits or sun-bathing costumes as are now worn upon our beaches would have resulted in sun-up police raids a decade ago."

"I do not mean to be too critical in

my observations and I do not want to seem to be in the position of being a caving critic, but I wonder if there is not a limit to everything. Don't you really believe that we have reached a limit to this unseemly fad of baring the body to the alleged actinic rays of the sun and to the gaze of slipping husbands?"

"True, it might be all right in Soviet Russia or in the Orient, but this is America, progressive America, a country that is freer from disease and immorality than any country in the world. The human body is sacred and its indiscriminate display of the epidermis to the world is unbecomingly."

"No matter where our citizens or our tourists may roam upon the thirty-two miles of St. Petersburg bay and gulf frontage, may be seen believers in this strange sun-worshipping or sun-bathing cult, lying prostrate upon the sands, with little or no clothing whatever, seeking health and happiness in this disgraceful fashion."

"There may be some deluded people

The Famous Solarium at St. Petersburg, Florida, Built by the City to Allow Visitors All Possible Freedom in Presenting Pretty Much All of the Human Body to the Health Rays of the Sun. The Men and the Women Have Separate Sun-Bath Enclosures.



Scene Inside the Women's Enclosure in the St. Petersburg Solarium.

who may declare they have been relieved from sundry ailments by baring their bodies in sun-beams, but I maintain that the city ordinance providing arrest for indecent exposure of the person should be dusted off and put into use again.

"Perhaps a little bit of sun-bathing may do some good, who knows?"

"However, this cult of sun-bathers in St. Petersburg is carrying the practice too far. Already they have gotten into city limits for more than \$15,000 for their foolishness and for which we taxpayers have put up our good money, whether we have a vote or not, money that will never be returned to the city coffers and for which the city will never receive any return."

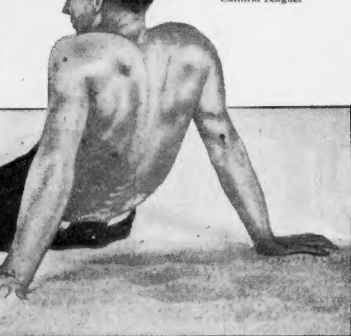
"If our city police are too busy to look into this immoral situation, it is my earnest opinion that the honorable City Commission should see that the beaches are properly patrolled by inspectors whose duty would be to see that alleged sun-bathers are properly clad."

"Publication of the last paragraph of the letter resulted in a deluge of communications for the job of Beach Inspectors to the city funds by the sun-bathers meant the erection of the municipal solarium, where women are permitted to absorb the sun's rays without wearing bathing suit at all and with only a sheet or towel draped over them."

When Chief Noel received the letter



Chief of Police Noel of St. Petersburg Measured and Approved the Sun-Bathing Costumes After the Protest by the Women of the Cultural League.



A Healthful Coat of Tan Acquired by a Sun-Bather at Miami Beach.

from the ladies of the Cultural League he swung into action. His men were instructed to inspect St. Petersburg's 32 miles of gleaming sands and glistening backs and report any violations of the public decency laws or any complaints thereof.

The beach patrolmen, to whom bare flesh has long ceased to be a novelty, reported that they had witnessed no violation of the laws and heard very few complaints. There were no complaints at all of the fair bather's spines, but a few protests had been voiced against the new male practice of wearing only trunks. So this very one-piece costume was ruled out for the public beaches. The police chief, after a personal inspection and numerous measurements, gave the backless costumes for women his hearty approval.

"There have been reports of sun-bathers enjoying the health fad well out in the bay and out of our jurisdiction, who lay in the bottom of row boats," he added, "but certainly there is no harm in that, even if other people might be spying upon sun-bathers who by their very action in rowing away from sight of land show they have no disposition to violate city laws or moral codes."

City Attorney Carroll Runyon was asked for an exact interpretation of the "indecent exposure" law and declared that sun-bathing within the solarium on the beach was entirely within the provisions of the law and that the practice of men to doff the shirts of their bathing suits on the North Mole, away from the general public, did not come under the classification of indecent exposure.

"So long as there is no 'exposure' in a vulgar and indecent manner in such manner as to offend public decency," the police are perfectly within their right to permit sun-bathing," he ruled.

"Indecent exposure is exposure in a manner which is offensive to the spectator and this should form an excellent guide for the actions of sun-bathers who wish to comply with the rules of the community."

E. H. MacCrabon, manager of the municipal bathing beach, the indoor pool and solarium, said the only complaint he has ever received relative to sun-bathing has been from one or

Group of Sun-Bathers on the Public Beach at St. Petersburg, Florida, With Varying Degrees of Low-Cut Bathing Suits, Which in Some Instances the Bathers Have Improved by Slipping the Shoulder Straps Off the Shoulders.

two patrons of the solarium who have objected to aircraft flying over the sun parlor while bathers were taking their actinic ray treatments. There is no roof on the solarium.

MacCrabon denies that the city has lost any money or prestige in building the first municipal solarium in the world. "It is paying for itself and is showing a profit on its investment," he declared.

Mrs. Viola Rae was politely informed by Chief Noel that a thorough investigation had failed to substantiate her charges of indecent exposure at the beaches. The unemployed are still selling apples instead of getting jobs as beach censors and the fair visitors from the North are still wearing backless costumes and letting their shoulder straps down. But the European-minded men must go to the North Mole or a solarium to get a real sun bath.

City officials, physicians and even the clergy rallied to the defense of backless bathing suits and liberal doses of Florida sunshine when the "indecent exposure" question was raised at Miami Beach.

"Sun-bathing isn't even a real issue here," said the Rev. Elieha A. King, pastor of the Miami Beach Community Church. "Here we have the sunshine is so lavish and so valuable medically, I see no reason why men and women should not expose their backs to it to their heart's content." Liberal interpretation of the term "properly attired" is made for Miami Beach's three miles of public bathing space. Backless costumes and the practice of slipping down shoulder straps are permitted without question. Children are allowed to scamper around with next to nothing on.

The extensive and fashionable private solariums and beaches of the exclusive Calhoun Sun Club, the Miami Beach Surf Club and the new Miami Beach Surf Club are not under police regulation. Members make their own restrictions. Here the women wear the most scanty and daring of costumes and the men dispense with all covering except trunks. But as these are open to none but members, no complaints are possible from cultural leagues or anyone else.

City Manager Claude A. Renshaw, when asked about the charges of improper attire on the public beaches, said:

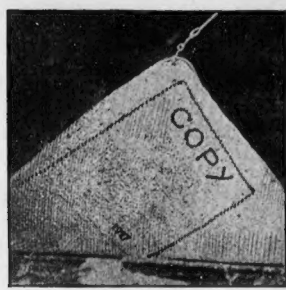
"Liberal city regulations apply on the three miles of protected beaches patrolled by the city. The private casinos and private beaches regulate themselves. On our city beaches propriety is observed, but we put broad and healthy interpretation on propriety. I am sure that the sun, so far as the residents or visitors are concerned, and at the same time no one is denied the opportunity to enjoy the full benefits of the Florida sunshine."

R. H. Wood, chief of police of Miami Beach, is willing to go even further. He and his men will extend a helping hand to those who wish to enjoy the full of the East Coast's actinic solar rays. We want to give everyone the chance to enjoy the beach and the sun, so far as decency will permit. We are glad to help them, glad to show them. We want them to take advantage of the glorious sunshine that we know will give them health and happiness."

With this liberal attitude on the part of Miami Beach and the complete rout of the West Coast Cultural League at St. Petersburg, the bare backs have and the popular greeting between Northern visitors will be, "Glad to see you're back again."

Ingenious New Swindles by Dealers in Faked Antiques

A \$12 Copy of a Portrait of Washington Sold for \$64,000 as a "Genuine Stuart," and Common China Plates Worth 43 Cents Each Made Over Into "Van Rensselaer Antiques" at \$220 Apiece



The Upper Right Hand Corner of the Pretended Stuart Portrait of Washington, Turned Up to Show the "Copy" Stamp Which Had Been Covered Over With a New Canvas Backing.

THERE is scarcely a village in the United States or Canada, or the Old World, where tourists visit, which has not one or a dozen antique shops, and thoughtful people have often wondered where all the antiques come from. Some of these establishments have room after room and several floors crowded with antiques, few of them less than 100 to 150 years old.

But there were not very many people in Colonial America 150 years ago, and yet there probably are enough "antique" pots, pans, dishes, beds, bureaus, high-boys, warming pans, glass bottles and other things in the antique shops today to have filled every colonial house from cellar to garret. And in addition to the enormous quantity now for sale on the floors, walls, shelves and staircases of the present-day antique shops—in addition to these, there has been a steady sale of similar antiques by these dealers for many years.

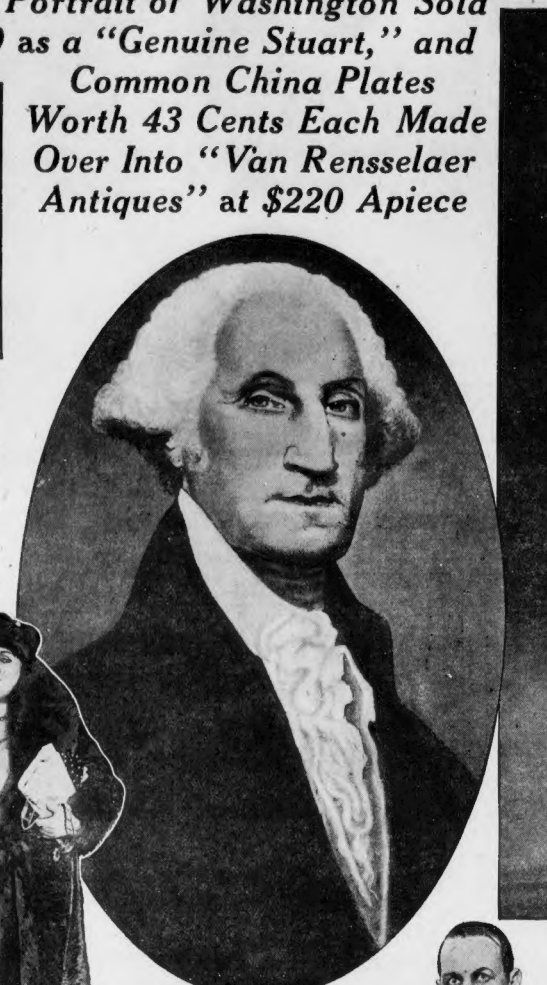
Where do they all come from? Now and then some accident lifts the veil on the mystery and reveals the fountain heads from which the inexhaustible flood of "antiques" flows. Recently the United States Government forced one of New York's most prominent dealers in "genuine antiques" to pay \$20,000 in penalties for importing a shipment of brand new factory-made English furniture as "antiques." The Government pursues counterfeiters of money but not of ancient furniture unless they try to sneak the counterfeiters through the custom house and thus evade paying the duty on modern furniture.

These fakes were so difficult enough done to deceive customs inspectors and the fraud would never have been brought to light if one of the dishonest dealer's stenographers had not betrayed him. From typing his letters she realized that he was buying cheap fakes wholesale and then selling them one at a time at big prices to gullible Eastern millionaires. She was astounded at the credence of some of the victims of these frauds.

For informing the Government, the law entitles her to 25 per cent of all penalties assessed and therefore she will receive \$5,000 reward. But this does not satisfy Miss Stude, who claims she gave the Government enough evidence of spurious antiques brought in by this one man in only two years to impose \$100,000 in penalties, which would entitle her to \$100,000. If one dealer through one port brought in such a quantity of counterfeiters, what must the size of the whole antique-faking industry be?

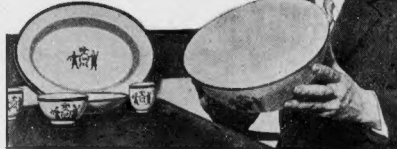
News that this faker had been caught brought dismay to most of the finest mansions in the eastern half of the United States where his "genuine antiques" had been sold. Many have been quietly removed from their places of honor and given away. There will be no prosecutions because important personages do not like to be laughed at by their friends.

Among this fake dealer's customers have been such names as the late Edward Bok of Philadelphia, Marshall Field and Mrs. B. T. Crane of Chicago, former Governor of Massachusetts, Foxhall Keene, Jesse Livermore, Myron C. Taylor, James A. Farrell, head of the United States Steel Corporation, A. P. Slone, Jr., head of General Motors; Mrs. J. P. Donohue, Woodworth letter to W. Darnall, Mrs. Reginald De Koven, Lancaster Morgan, F. M. Sackett, Ambassador to Germany, M. S. Slone of the New York Edison Company; Fred. Wolfenman, Kansas City millionaire; Harry R. Jr. of Cleveland; Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady and Mrs. Charles Amory. America can and does produce just as skillfully devised fakes as does



Portrait of George Washington Which Was Bought for \$12 and Later on Sold as a "Genuine Stuart" for \$64,000.

Mrs. Clementine Doran, Under Indictment in Boston as an Art Swindler.



Police Inspector Lise of Boston, With Some of the Fake Van Rensselaer China Worth Originally 43 Cents Each, But Which Sold for \$220.00 Apiece to a Boston Collector.

Europe, but different countries and different factories specialize on certain lines of counterfeiters. And besides, the customs papers went well with the dealer's "history" that the "treasures" had come from an old English castle whose owner had been impoverished by post-war taxation.

The American product is never exported but delivered during the winter to the owners of old farm houses from Maine to Florida to be put away in attics, collect dust and be "discovered" by city people next summer on their vacations. The farmer's wheat crop may not pay but the antiques are more profitable every year. More gaudy is manufactured to make "Colonial antiques" than was ever turned out in Colonial times and there are enough things that "positively came over in the Mayflower" to sink an ocean liner.

A few years ago a man complained bitterly because he could not get a patent on a really ingenious, flexible bit that instead of boring a straight hole made one that wandered around in erratic spirals. The patent bureau could not see any sense in such an invention and forced the inventor to explain that it was to bore imitation worm-holes in fake antique furniture.

Recently when Inspector Warren H. Lise of the Boston police came to arrest Mrs. Clementine Briggs Doran, so-called woman of Holyoke, Massachusetts, a very talented man jumped out of her back window and ran away. Mrs. Doran and the police say that it was Mr. Wilbur F. Cooke, another New York dealer with the almost magic power to produce any sort of antique a rich man would like to buy. He can

even produce human antiques. The arrest was on account of \$51,228 worth of old Lowestoft, painted china, supposed to have been handed down as heirlooms to descendants of the Van Rensselaer family. The china was genuine Lowestoft but it was plain and therefore of small value until the missing Mr. Cooke got hold of it and made each piece a treasure that any millionaire might covet. The New York police who have been working with the Boston authorities say that he got an expert old china repairer in Manhattan to paint various old American motifs, such as Salem ships on the plain china. When this had been done and skillfully "fired" so that the painting looked like an original job, the expert artist chipped the pieces and stained the necks to give signs of usage and as further evidence of extreme age, chilled them in the ice box and then held them over the flame of a Bunsen burner giving them a fine crackle that usually indicates antiquity. Another way to obtain this fine new china or glass is to paint it with a certain kind of quick-drying glue. This glue, in drying, shrinks so powerfully that it will often crackle the surface of glass or enamel on which it is.

Edward F. Cloran, a Boston antique dealer, told the district attorney that Mrs. Doran and a man supposed to be

Cooke, tried to sell him the reds. When he wished to know how such a quantity of wonderful specimens had come into their possession, they brought to see him a lady purporting to be 75 years old and a descendant of the Van Rensselaer family.

Appearing in an expensive car with a liveried chauffeur, she was an impressive exhibit. She not only looked her age and seemed herself to be an antique aristocrat but was dressed in clothes that he had not seen outside of a museum in half a century. Cloran never doubted that the old lady was a genuine antique but he was not quite so sure of the china.

While he was hesitating Charles I. Nash, a Beacon Street, Boston art dealer and connoisseur bought 212 pieces for \$51,228. When Edward F. Cloran, expert on old china, pronounced the whole lot counterfeits, Mr. Nash mournfully told his story to the police. Mr. Cloran estimated the lot as worth \$100 or an average of 43 cents apiece. By painting, chipping and cracking the conspirators raised the price successfully to an average of \$220.50 apiece, a profit of about \$1,000 per cent. The mystery in this swindle is the same as in most all swindles—why did the victim get expert advice after he had paid his money instead of before?

Though wealthy victims usually hide



"Genuine Romney" Sold to an American Art Collector for \$200,000 Which Turned Out to Be a Copy of the Original Portrait of Elizabeth, Duchess of Sutherland and Was Returned to the Dealer Who Refunded the Purchase Money and Sent the Picture Back to England.

their losses and are reluctant to prosecute, there is danger in actual counterfeiting as proved by the fact that Mrs. Doran is held in \$20,000 bail for her alleged share in the conspiracy, and there are 14 indictments against Cooke and a third partner, Mrs. E. E. Caroline Saunders. Mrs. Saunders is described as a middle-aged woman of haughty and majestic presence. It is said that when necessary to impress a doubting customer, she is introduced as the owner of the "heirlooms," a slightly impoverished but blue-blooded aristocrat.

The sale of two worthless chronicles of George Washington for \$21,000 each, one in Buffalo and one in Kansas City, as "genuine Stuarts" was done so adroitly that there may be no redress. Again the person accused is Cooke, who ought to be rich enough to retire and buy genuine masterpieces for his own gallery. The Buffalo painting of George Washington was first sold in a Boston second-hand furniture store for \$12. The purchaser sold it to Cooke for \$100 as the work of Jane Stuart, daughter of the great portrait painter Gilbert Stuart. She is supposed to have finished up one or two of her father's canvases after his death and to have turned out a few duds that were all her own. Seymour H. Knox bought the twelve-dollar one and W. C. Findlay another quite like it that Cooke dug up from somewhere on his guarantee that they were genuine Stuarts. But as he did not say which Stuart, and one Stuart has no value at all, he may escape on that technicality, if they catch him.

Nobody knows how many bogus George Washington portraits are proudly decorating American walls. S. Webster, financier, shrewd business man, partner in the Boston firm of Stone & Webster, paid Cooke \$64,000 for a third George Washington, equally worthless. Considering that every portrait of the "Father of the Country" is well known and has been written about by experts, it seems extraordinary that there can be such a brisk market in these obvious fakes.

Some other recent swindles that have come to light are said to be \$1,000,000 paid by the Kansas City Mu-

seum for an assortment of bogus a \$25,000 paid by a millionaire of Boston, Mass., for a faked Rembrandt, \$35,000 paid by Edward J. Holmes, millionaire director of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and grandson of Oliver Wendell Holmes, for two serious China da Congliano paintings, an unknown amount paid to the Boston Museum for a bogus painting, "Portrait of a Man," by Velasquez, but reported to have been \$12,000 and a bogus picture of "Martha Washington at an Early Age," purchased by Seymour Knox for between \$50,000 and \$60,000.

Of course, an honest art dealer would be deceived. Such a case appeared recently came to light when Mr. Lawrence P. Fisher, the motor magnate, paid \$200,000 for a picture that he represented to him to be a portrait of Elizabeth, Duchess of Sutherland. Learning that Mr. Fisher intended to present it to the East Art Museum, the present Duke of Sutherland wrote him, asking if he knew that the original portrait by Rembrandt belonged to the Duke and was hanging on the walls of his residence at Sully Place, near Guildford, England.

When Mr. Fisher took the Duke's letter to the American dealer who had sold him the picture, the dealer admitted that he had already discovered independently that the painting he had sold was not the original, and he refunded the purchase money. The dealer who asserted his belief that the painting was a genuine Romney. In answer to this, the Duke of Sutherland stated that his father (the late Duke) had several copies of the Romney portrait made for members of the family and that the copy which almost got into the Detroit gallery was one of them.

The official government definition of an antique is an object manufactured before 1851—that is, a hundred years old. On the grounds that more than half the "antiques" brought into the country are counterfeits, the Treasury Department has recently ruled that they must enter only at ten per cent ports where experts will be stationed in the hope of somewhat diminishing the flood of frauds by which public seems so ready to be duped.

England's New Giant Passenger Airship



Big Forty-Two-Seater Fast Mail and Passenger Planes for the 10,000-Mile Journey From London to South Africa—an 8-Day Trip

LONDON, Dec. 26. THE tragic disaster which recently destroyed England's great dirigible R-101, in France, on its way from London to Delhi, India, has discouraged the experimenters on aerial navigation in their hopes and plans for developing air flight along the lines of huge lighter-than-air gas bags. Attention is now being concentrated on the aeroplane rather than the dirigible to solve the needs of Great Britain for rapid and reliable means of travel and communication throughout its far-flung empire. Perhaps by the time these lines are read in the United States, England's ambitious Imperial Airways will have placed on its European and Empire air lines, the first of a new fleet of giant passenger aeroplanes, the largest ever built for regular commercial service.

This first of a series of great air-liners is known as the "42" and has been constructed by Handley Page, Ltd. It is indeed a giant of the air, with a span of its upper wing of 130 feet, a wing area of 3,000 square feet and a gross weight of 27,100 pounds. It is driven by four Bristol "Jupiter" engines, developing a total of 2,200 horsepower, and there are accommodations for forty-two persons.

There are two models of this new air-liner. One has a weight of 27,100, as already stated, and the other weighs 23,500 pounds. The difference between the two models is that one is intended for operation on the European section of the air route to India and South Africa, while the other is to be used on the Cairo-Karachi (India) section. The two versions of the machine will be known as the "Western" and "Eastern" model, respectively, the "Eastern" being the heavier of the two.

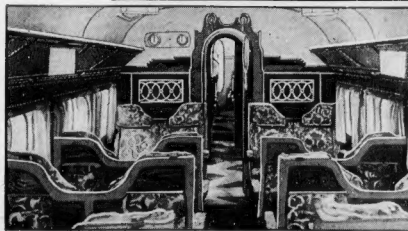
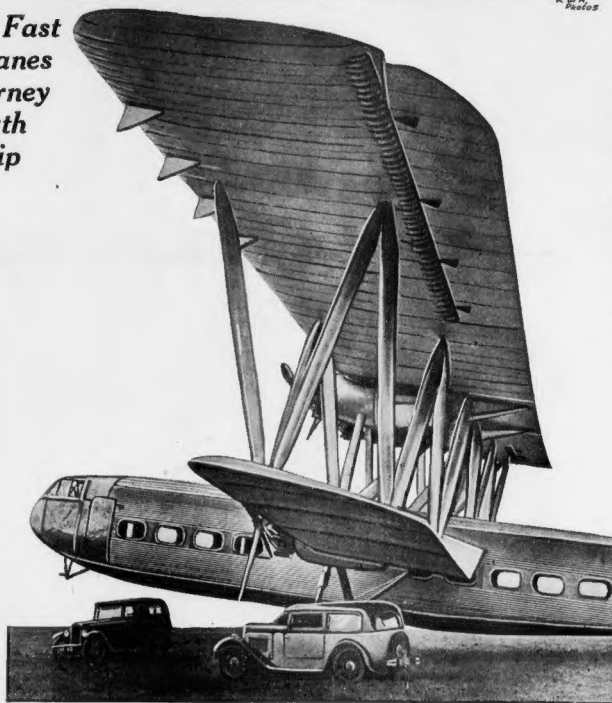
Its maximum speed has been estimated at 120 miles an hour, and it is capable of cruising speed of 100 miles an hour. Should any of the engines fail—a contingency unlikely in these days of high engine reliability—the aeroplane can maintain height on the three remaining engines. The Handley Page automatic slot forms an essential feature of the design, insuring that loss of lateral control in flight at low speeds will be impossible. Wheel-brakes operating independently on each of the main wheels enable the machine to pull up quickly after alighting and to be maneuvered on the ground with the ease of a motorcar.

From the aspect of the passenger's comfort this machine represents the biggest stride so far made in aircraft design. The fuselage, 66½ feet long, contains two luxurious staterooms, connected by a corridor. Along this corridor are a washroom with running water and a refreshment buffet on one side, and a large mail and baggage compartment on the other. Eighteen passengers are accommodated in the forward saloon, and 20 in the aft saloon, where smoking is permitted.

In addition to the accommodation of 38 passengers, provision is made for two pilots and a stewardess, with a steward at the bar. Hitherto the abatement of noise in an aeroplane in flight has presented difficult problems. In the Handley Page "Hannibal" (as these new models are called), owing to the placing of the motors away from the fuselage, the arrangement of the cabins, and the use of sound-insulating material in the fuselage, the noise in the passenger saloons, when the machine is flying at full speed, will not be greater than that to which we are accustomed in an express train.

These aircraft will put a much more favorable aspect on the commercial issues of aerial transport, having a payload of 8,160 pounds in the form of passengers, mails and urgent freight. The "Eastern" model will carry 20 passengers, the rest of the lifting capacity being needed for extra fuel and oil to enable the machine to cover 1,600 miles (approximately) in a non-stop flight, while the "Western" model will carry 38 passengers over a distance of 650 miles (approximately) without refueling.

Structurally, the Handley Page 42 is an all-metal ma-



Interior View, Looking Forward From Smoking Room. In Front May Be Seen the Pilot's Room With Controls and Some of the Navigating Instruments. Through the Door Are the Bar and the Wash Room. The Double Walls of the Cabins Are Made Sound-proof and Since the Engines Are Mounted Outside the Fuselage, the Staterooms Are Practically Noiseless.

chine (excepting the wing covering and the covering of the rear part of the fuselage), mainly of duralumin construction. All highly-stressed parts, such as fittings, etc., are of stainless steel. From the lower engines to the fuselage the lower wings slope up to the top of the fuselage, the result being that the view from the cabin in a downward direction is not obstructed by the lower plane. The fuel tanks are housed in the upper wing, providing gravity feed to all four engines. In the first four machines built, the engines are

Interesting View of a Portion of One of the New Handley Page Aeroplanes Alongside Two Automobiles. Note the Separate Entrance in Front for the Pilot and Navigator and Spacious Observation Windows in Passenger Staterooms. Hot Meals Will Be Served and a Steward Is Provided to Serve Drinks From a Well-Equipped Bar.

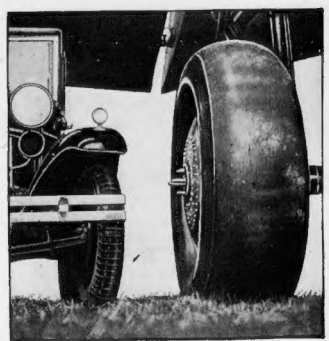
Bristol "Jupiters" of 550 h. p. each, but it is possible that in the "Eastern" model supercharged "Jupiters" may be fitted.

The undercarriage is of the oleo-pneumatic type, with bent axles, the tubes being something like seven inches in diameter. The pilot's cab is very roomy and so placed as to give an entirely unobstructed view in all directions. The controls are in duplicate.

It is interesting to note that the "Hannibal" is the logical development of the four-engined V-1500 bomber, 1,000 of which were about to be built in 1913 to bomb Berlin. However, the armistice changed all that and but one of these machines was finished. Some may recall that Major Bradley, general superintendent of Handley Page pilots, flew the V-1500 over New York City in 1919 with 40 passengers.

It is significant of the faith which the Handley Page design staff had in itself (and even more for the faith placed in them by Imperial Airways) that eight 42's were laid down at once, before it was known whether or not the first machine would come up to expectations. Had the first been a failure, the results would have been serious. Fortunately, it appears that there are no serious "snags" whatever in the "Hannibal".

At the present time the total mileage operated by Imperial Airways, including provincial, European and Em-



One of the Landing Wheels, Almost as Tall as an Automobile.

pire lines—and reckoning also the extension on the India route to Delhi—is 7,313 miles. The new England-South Africa line, which is now in preparation, will, when it is in full operation, add some 6,000 additional miles, thus bringing the total mileage of the company to more than 13,000.

The route then to South Africa will be London to Cairo, as at present, where passengers will change to a plane which will fly directly south, overland to Cape Town. Stops will be made at 26 stations in the 6,000-mile journey, with overnight stops at Assuan, Kartoum, Juba, Nairobi, Mbeys, Salisbury, Johannesburg, Cape Town. It is estimated that eventually an airmail and passenger service from London to Cape Town, South Africa (about 10,000 miles), can be operated in 8 days, as compared with the present time of three weeks if it takes a letter or passenger by water from London to Cape Town.

Success has attended the negotiations concerning the operation of the weekly England-South Africa air mail. Preparations have, indeed, gone so well according to plan that it is proposed that a regular service between Alexandria and Tanganyika, Africa, should begin in January, 1931, and the through service to Cape Town a few months later.

In December, 1929, the London-Karachi service was continued on to Delhi. A further air-section to Calcutta will, it is expected, be ready shortly, and after this another link from Calcutta to Rangoon. As for the remaining links between Rangoon and Australia, it is planned to institute these as soon as possible after the Calcutta-Rangoon section is in operation. Imperial Airways are, in truth, within sight of the realization of a great ambition, and this is to be able to carry urgent letters by air, by night as well as day, right through for 13,000 miles from England to Australia.

A weekly service is maintained in each direction, leaving London on Saturday and arriving at Karachi on the following Friday and Delhi on Saturday. In the reverse direction, the mail leaves Karachi on Monday and arrives in London on the following Monday—5,000 miles in six and a half days. By the best rail and steamship, land and water route, the time is about seventeen days. The all-water route takes about a month.

The route followed is by "Argosy" aeroplane to Cologne, Nuremberg, Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade and Skopje to Salonika. At Salonika passengers change to one of the three-engined "Calcutta" flying boats, and proceed via Athens and Crete to Alexandria. Onwards from there the route continues in a "Hercules" aeroplane via Bagdad and Basra to Karachi and Delhi.

It is for the long Empire Airways that the new air liners of the "Hannibal" class are intended. They are designed to provide safe, regular and speedy transit for all classes of traffic, the inclusion of as many as possible of the centers of population and industry in the territories crossed, rates and fare commensurate with the advantages offered, but also remunerative to the share capital invested, and last, but not least, adequate provision of creature comforts for passengers.

New Revelations of Isadora

A Remarkable Woman, Who Refused to
of the Worth-While Men Who Loved
Yet Unhesitatingly Marr
Brutal Russian Madma
Downs of Wealth and
Glorious Triumphs
Humiliating Dis



Affectionate Photograph of Isadora Duncan and Her
Blond Russian Poet-Husband, Serge Yessenin. Of the
Dozens of Lovers Isadora Welcomed and Discarded She
Gave Evidence of Her Sincerest Attachment to This
Crazy and Brutal Young Barbarian, Who Tormented
Her Almost to Death.

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PARIS, December 24

WHEN Isadora Duncan, the world-famous American dancer, was strangled to death in the automobile accident that put an end to her extraordinary career three years ago, she left behind a trunk full of love letters from some of the best known men in Europe and America. It is said that the contents of that big black trunk have been carefully examined and the revealing letters are being prepared for publication. Isadora Duncan herself has frankly discussed many of the colorful episodes of her life, but she has spared some of the men who were infatuated with her from time to time. If these letters are to be published at last they will supplement what Isadora has already revealed and what her intimate friends have told and thus will round out the complete story of one of the most remarkable women the United States has ever produced.

Isadora Duncan made her entrance on the stage of fame under the spotlight to the acclaim of thousands. She made her exit in the gathering dusk of an obscure street in Nice before a single person.

Between entrance and exit the poet-dancer ran an extraordinary gamut from obscurity to celebrity and wealth and back to social and historic oblivion and utter destitution.

She was killed in an automobile accident on the last day of her credit with the hotel where she was staying and one day before she would have been financially independent through the generosity of a former lover whom she had refused to marry.

Fiction has produced no character so vivid in contrast, so bizarre in its emotional moments, so resilient in adversity nor so tragic in its decline and end.

At various times in her career Isadora Duncan was the guest and the hostess of royalty, owned a two hundred room chateau near Paris, a great town house in Paris and an estate at Neuilly and she walked the streets of Deauville for lack of even a few pennies for a seat on a park bench and merely existed in single sordid rooms in Moscow and in Paris.

She was the ranking favorite of the Americans and of the capitals of Europe and she was forgotten only to rebound and score a wonderful success at her last recital in Paris the year of her death.

She received the freedom of cities of the United States and was later barred from Boston and other cities. She was welcomed in New York with open arms and in later years was sent to Ellis Island for detention and possible deportation.

She refused to marry the man she adored, because she detested matrimony while declaring her right to have children, and married an insane young Russian poet because merely as her lover he could not leave Russia with her.

She was totally lacking in business acumen but amassed a fortune, and was generous to every



Isadora Duncan, Photographed With Her Children, Patrick and Deirdre, Who Were Drowned in the Seine. Isadora Has Frankly Told the Names of the Father of One of These Children, But Has Disguised the Name of the Father of the Other Child by Calling Him "Lochinvar."

body, but was permitted to almost starve to death. She was frankly and avowedly immoral, and yet in other respects she held high ideals of personal conduct. Such contrasts and attending hardships, doubly trying to one of her high-strung temperament, exacted a terrible toll from her, but failed to kill the ambition of her later years to teach the children of the world, without profit, to dance, so that they might live in health and beauty. This was the most unyielding influence of her life after the drowning of two of her children in a closed auto taxi in the Seine in 1913 and the death at birth of another child the following year.

Her memoirs have been published and in them she told with staggering candor the story of her life up to 1921. Her six most exciting and tragic years followed and in "Isadora Duncan's End" (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London, and Horace Liveright, New York), Mary Desti, former American singer and Miss Duncan's closest friend, tells with vivid simplicity the story of these years. So, too, the Russian poet Marienghoff wrote a book about the dancer's life in Russia. And if the letters in Isadora's black trunk are published, the missing chapters of this astonishing woman's career will complete the picture.

In Isadora's memoirs is this interesting revelation of how circumstances and impulses of the moment ruled her life. Of her first great ro-



Mile Nikritina, the Young Russian Dancer for Whom Yessenin Left Isadora.

mance and how it started, she explains that having casually met Gordon Craig, the British artist, she invited him home to supper. And in the midst of supper Craig remarked that she was in the wrong stage setting with her mother and the other children, finally rising from the table and lifting her from her chair with the remark:

"You belong to my scenery and in my studio."

"I, like one hypnotized," Isadora writes, "allowed him to put my cape

over my little white tunic. He took my hand in his and we fairly flew down the stairs to the street.

"Craig then took me up to his studio at the top of a high building in Berlin. There was a black waxed floor, with rose leaves, artificial rose leaves, strewn all over it.

"In his studio there was no couch, no easy chair and no dinner. We slept on the floor that night. He was penniless, and I didn't dare go home for money. I slept there for two weeks. When we wanted a dinner he ordered one to be sent up on credit, and I hid on the balcony until it came, then crept in and shared it."

Describing the first meeting of Isadora with the crazy poet Yessenin at an artists' gathering in Moscow in the room of a young Russian dancer, Marienghoff writes that she arrived an hour after midnight, wearing a Greek peplos of brilliant red, with stripes of pink and white draping a soft, thick body.

"She advanced with smooth and dainty steps," he continues. "She embraced our whole gathering with a glance from soft poetical eyes. Then they met Yessenin's. She smiled angelically. She went straight to him. She raised her hand and thrust her fingers into his curly, well-tended crop of hair and spoke in some of the few Russian words she knew:

"Sololai golova! (Golden head!)"

"After a moment she kissed him full on the lips, saying:

"'Angel!' (Angel!)"

"Her eyes swept the room. Then she shuddered and muttered:

"'Tschort!' (Devil!)"

"The rest of us melted away, leaving these two alone. We excitedly debated among ourselves. Will she seize him? Will he leave with her? Will he stay with us? We gayly bet on the outcome. The odds were she would lead him away. We all departed at dawn, leaving the pair to themselves.

"The next day we expected to find Isadora and Serge in their own flat, which we had heard was in the private Hotel Balashovsky. In a band we went down a dirty, crooked, narrow street and found this hotel. We entered tarnished rooms of doubtful Empire style, and on the floor were strewn pell-mell the contents of dozens of yawning suitcases, all travel worn and mostly in bad repair. These objects were old crumpled clothes of amazing variety of tastes, mostly had—old gowns, old silks, old and stained bathrobes.

"Isadora Duncan rose and smiled wanly into a mirror. She pouted:

"'This is Balachoff—ploho chambre (rotten room)—ploho, ploho! (rotten, rotten!)—Isadora ficu chale achetra—(Isadora buy ficu shawl)—mnogo, mnogo Rusky chale—(many, many Russian shawls.)"

(Isadora is here quoted as using a sort of pidgin talk, mixture of bad French and worse Russian, and delivered with a sort of baby lisp.)

"Then she pointed down at the threadbare carpet, her worn slippers and the foot cushions covered with mangy fur. She raised her arms shudderingly toward the one electric light globe in the ceiling, that was shaded by a scrap of tawdry cloth. She hated electric light. It made her look

fifty.

Then Yessenin rose and seized her arms. He drew her face close to his and looked firmly into her eyes. He said:

"'Am I your Mouje? (husband?)' 'I am a

genius! Genius! Genius! That's what I am!'"

Yessenin searched in his pockets and thrust into her hands a pile of clippings from newspapers and picture magazines. They were the words of praise written about him by critics. He put them in her hands and suddenly became

surly. He turned brusquely on his heel.

"At the door Yessenin turned and shook his fist

at her. He roared:

"'Now dance—you dog!'"

"Isadora hesitated a moment and then obeyed."

Isadora was supremely happy in her new love life with Yessenin, and she little dreamed of the torments and disaster this crazy poet was to bring upon her. She had returned from a profitless tour of the United States with her pupils in 1920, and had undertaken a tour of Europe. When she reached Paris she found waiting for her an invitation from Krassin, of the Russian Soviet Government, to start a free school of poetical dancing in Moscow. It was then that she started for Russia, met the insane poet and sunk to her lowest depths of wretchedness and final tragic death.

Her dream seemed about to be realized. Russia spelled Utopia to her, but instead of a paradise she found chaos and no governmental financing. She had no money. She had been either in meagre financial circumstances or totally without funds intermittently for about a decade. She lived in one sordid room in Moscow, that most overcrowded city of the world, and subsisted on canned goods sent to her from France.

One day the beautiful apartment of Geizler, former Russian ballet favorite, a place for her school and some pupils were assigned to her by Soviet authorities, but nothing for their maintenance. She fed the girls on the remains of her canned goods and the school started but faltered for lack of support and although she never gave up the idea, her dream remained always a dream.

Her meeting with Yessenin marked the beginning of Isadora Duncan's end—she had fallen in love with a madman, at times, indeed, a murderer lunatic. Her three years of wild and mad love and husband cost her all her friends except a few American women and some of her former lovers, who strove vainly to the end to restore her to her proper senses and the position which she had once enjoyed.

Isadora Duncan's Extraordinary Career

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Yessenin was a poverty-stricken, mad Russian peasant poet, an epileptic atheist, supreme egotist and a hopeless drunkard at twenty-seven. Miss Duncan was many years his senior. They had nothing in common but a bit of genius and a presumed bond in the unnatural life they lived, but she fell in love with him with a literal wildness hardly understandable.

Despite her early discovery of the real character or lack of character of her poet lover, she enjoyed some of the happiest weeks of her life in the early period of their romance. All of her previous lovers, since 1904, when in Beyruth with the first lover whom she accepted, she abandoned all conventions and declared beauty and truth her only standards of right, had really loved her and been tender. Yessenin could love only himself and was tender mostly when he wanted something that she possessed. He believed that everything she possessed belonged to him and to his rowdy friends and dissipated all the money she earned or received from helpful minded friends. She said that she considered him a child and put up with it.

Despairing of Russian governmental help for her Moscow school, Miss Duncan decided to tour the United States to raise funds for the school. She planned to dance in European cities to doubly insure plenty of money to show Yessenin the world and develop him, but she discovered that he could not leave Russia with her unless as her husband, so she married him. That is, they went before a Russian registrar and signed a paper which was really binding on neither, but as the only form of marriage in Russia.

With the first money she earned en route to the United States she gave Yessenin carte blanche to a Berlin tailor shop. He bought more clothes than any individual could wear in a lifetime. Her thought behind this tour was selfish. His idea was to return to Russia with unlimited supplies of clothes, money and trinkets to distribute among his friends—the true spirit of communism, to distribute somebody else's property.

Her visit to the United States was an artistic and financial success, despite the fact that they were sent to Ellis Island for possible deportation on arrival and barred from Boston, Indianapolis and Milwaukee because of her Bolshevik speeches, but when they reached New York from the tour they were penniless. Her poet husband spent all of the proceeds buying everything he saw and entertaining his not her friends.

The mad streak in his poet brain developed frantically during this tour. He conceived the idea that his wife was to blame for the poor reception he received here, whereas he was tolerated for her sake. He got drunk, interrupted her recitals, made violent speeches, always in Russian, as he spoke no English, insulted her and her country publicly and tried to kill her when he chased her through the Brevoort Hotel with a loaded revolver after he had broken away from the strong lashings that held him prisoner in their room and from four men left to guard him.

In New York a Russian poet's evening was arranged in his honor, but in the middle of the festivities he insulted his hosts as Jews and wrecked the apartment. Only his wife's entreaties prevented his immediate deportation.

All her glittering hopes of helping her Russian school blasted by Yessenin's mad behavior; penniless and broken in health and spirit, she was obliged to borrow money by cable from the lover whom she refused to marry to pay passage back to Russia. Yessenin was not sober for one day during the ocean trip and they reached New York February 12, 1923 without a penny for a bill, and Yessenin restrained by four guards.

To save scenes and her very life she had been ordered to adopt the role of a humble worshipper of Yessenin, the great poet of Russia, and had to go to her friends to adopt similar roles.



A Tanagra Group in Real Life—Isadora Duncan Discouraging to Her School of Classical Greek Dancing.



The Closed Automobile Being Taken from the Seine in Which Isadora

Duncan's Two Children, Deirdre and Patrick, Were Drowned With Their Governess.



Isadora Duncan's Funeral, a Procession Led by Her Brother, Raymond Duncan, Barefooted and in Flowing Greek Costume, and Including Representatives of the Art World, Poets, "Free Thinkers" and Apostles of All the Crazy "isms" of Europe.

One of the reasons why she endured Yessenin was that she believed him the living image of her boy, Patrick, who had been drowned in the Seine nine years prior.

Mary Desti, the author of her later days biography, rescued the dancer in a Paris hotel the day after her return, but both had to flee down five flights of stairs for their lives. That night six policemen overpowered the crazed poet and the following day he was officially declared a dangerous epileptic and deported, while Isadora went to bed with a high fever.

Dozens of telegrams from Yessenin threatening suicide unless she joined him in Berlin, where he had gone when forced out of France, induced Isadora to raise money from a loan shark and start by automobile with Desti for Berlin which they reached after a trip full of misadventures to find Yessenin homeless and surrounded by a veritable horde of doubtful friends. All went to a hotel where a feast that threatened to exhaust Isadora's scant fund of francs, was started but broken up by the mad poet as he got drunker and drunker and madder and madder and broke up the furniture after throwing all the food at the guests.

This sort of thing continued nightly until Isadora's overstrained nerves all but gave way to make her a mental wreck as well. Desti begged her to leave her mad husband even though he committed suicide, as he threatened frequently, rather than have him kill her, but she refused as she said that it would be like deserting a sick child and that she would somehow get him back to Russia, where there were so many like him and where they would know how to care for him.

Before she was able to put this plan into operation, Yessenin had dissipated all their funds and they started back, on credit by automobile, for Paris where Isadora was always able to raise some money. After having been put out of several Paris hotels because Yessenin was the terror and horror of all hotels as well as a deportee and because they had not a cent, Desti

Yessenin, in unreasoning jealousy because she danced the tango with the hotel's professional dancer, started a wild drunken scene, which culminated, after a battle like the siege of Paris, in their eviction.

It seemed to make no difference how much or how little money Isadora raised, Yessenin either extorted her into giving it all to him or took it from her so that almost throughout their association the woman, who had been accustomed to the greatest luxury, the adulation of thousands of admirers, the atmosphere of true art and the friendship of worth-while people, lived in want, suffered insults and great mental torture in the atmosphere of insanity and was deserted by former friends.

Through the intervention of friends Isadora was enabled to gain possession of her house at 103 Rue de la Pompe and with her husband she moved in. As they had no money the beautiful Salle Beethoven, where the wit, beauty and wealth of Paris had once gathered as Isadora's guests, was soon stripped of its furnishings. Draperies, furniture, mirrors, paintings, rugs were sold almost daily to provide money for food. She was now in no physical nor mental condition to dance and was unable to sell, lease or further mortgage her property. When everything salable in the Rue de la Pompe house had been disposed of, the place was barren of virtually everything except cots and a few tables and they were again in dire straits. Yessenin continued his outbreaks until Isadora no longer dared stay in the house alone with him, and her brother Raymond and Desti slept with her on couches in the now desolate studio while the mad poet roamed through the great house creating disturbances all night. Isadora asked for police protection which reminded the authorities that Yessenin had been deported a few months before. They gave him twenty-four hours to get out of France under dire penalties. He left but returned the next day saying that he was stopped at the border because he lacked passports.

arranged the sale of three of the dancer's Carrier paintings, and they went to the Carlton, where that night the management begged Isadora to be a guest of honor at an important banquet. The contrast between being evicted from hotels where she had previously spent great sums and being a guest of honor made Isadora very happy until Yessenin.

Isadora had fortunately just concluded the lease of her house for 95,000 francs. She took 25,000 francs in cash and 70,000 francs in express orders. She was thus able to really start for Moscow with her husband while Desti went to a hospital, a complete wreck.

In Moscow Isadora found her school in deplorable condition and spent on it all of the money in her express orders, which Yessenin had thought were merely receipted bills and had tossed aside when he secured from her virtually all she had left of her cash. He became infuriated when he found that he had been frustrated, gave to his friends his dozens of suits, none of which he had offered to sell when they needed money for food, his collection of shoes and silk pajamas and much of her clothing and costumes, and disappeared. Although she tried to find him it was months before she heard of him. Then she received the following telegram:

"Please stop writing or telegraphing Sergei Yessenin. He now belongs to me and want to hear no more from you."
(Signed) "COUNTESS TOLSTOY."

When on one occasion Yessenin attempted suicide and was brought before a Bolshevik judge and sentenced to six months in jail, the news reached Isadora in Paris. Unable to go herself, she sent Miss Dorothy Billings, one of her most gifted pupils, a pretty California girl, to console and comfort her husband in his Russian dungeon. The miraculous appearance of a pretty girl from Paris made Yessenin forget his troubles and cravings for death, and immediately he began to make love to his fair visitor. When Miss Billings pointed out that he was already married to a Russian girl and was also still the husband of Isadora Duncan, and asked how he could justify making love to her, he explained calmly:

"Oh, my angel, they are nothing but the neces-

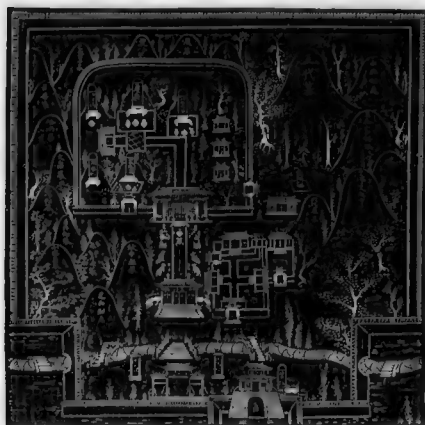


Isadora Duncan in One of Her Dances, as Sketched

by an Admiring French Artist in Paris.

China Confiscating the Confucius Estates After 2500 Years

Irreverent Government Officials Seizing the Famous Temple, Forest, Farms and Library Bearing the Great Philosopher's Name, and Even the Cemetery in Which China's Most Eminent Man Is Buried



The Grave of Confucius Is Reached After Following a Long Winding Road Which Passes Through Many Gates, Bridges and Pagodas. From an Old Chinese Woodcut.

CONFUCIUS, the great Chinese sage, was, of course one of the wisest men in all history, and his descendants in China have been living in ease and honor for nearly 2500 years on the strength of the wise sayings, doings and property accumulated by their distinguished old ancestor.

But times are changing, even in China, and even the ancestor worship and graves of ancestors are no longer held in reverence as they used to be. And so it has come about that officials of the present Chinese Government, such as it is, have begun confiscating the property of the present-day descendants of old Confucius, and a howl has arisen which has echoed into the most distant corners of the earth.

Confucius has really been of great importance in the world, for the morality and education of the Chinese nation, which numbers 400,000,000 are based on his teachings. Confucius was born in 550 B. C., or 2450 years ago, and during all that time his memory and his belongings have been revered as if he were a god. And now the Chinese are losing their reverence for his family, his belongings and his grave, as already stated, and even for his teachings. This is a very serious occurrence in the morality of the world.

The estate of Confucius and the family cemetery, in the town of Chufu, have been the possession of the Duke Kung, who is the heir of the philosopher in the seventy-sixth generation of direct male descent. Such an antiquity and continuity are undreamed of in western countries, and at last they are going to be disturbed.

The Nationalist Government of China recently seized the estate of Confucius, now in the possession of the Duke Kung, in pursuance of its policy of confiscating "feudal properties." The excuse given for seizing the property of Duke Kung and other noble-born Chinese is that they aided the late Manchu Emperors, who were really foreign invaders.

The Duke Kung's present holdings include the library of Confucius, the famous Confucius forest in Shantung, the Temple of Confucius, farms and other properties left by the sage nearly 2500 years ago. Virtually everything that the great philosopher is interested in, the Duke Kung has. In a hasty protest he points out that his property is made venerable by its association with Confucius, and that never before has it been involved in a controversy with any Chinese government.

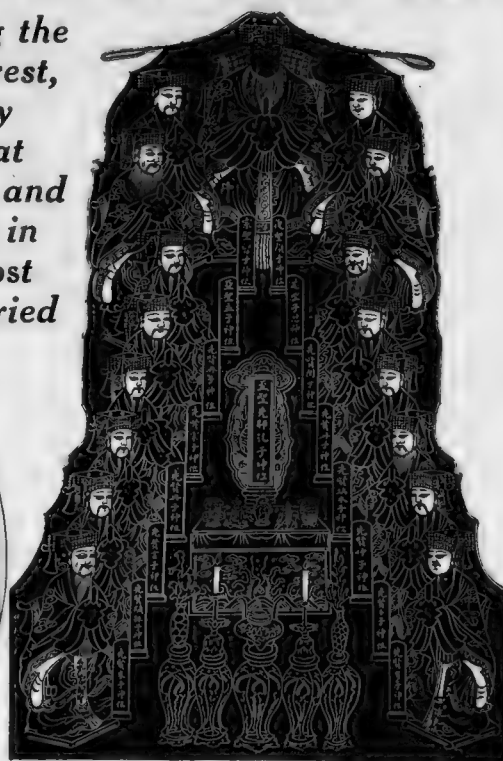
The Duke Kung points out that it is entirely abolished, the august title of "Yen Shen Kung," conferred upon the direct descendants of the sage, a title which gave them many privileges. He believes this renunciation should satisfy the Government for the time being. Affairs are, of course, in a state of great confusion in China, and it is possible that when order is restored, respect for Confucius will also be restored and his estates returned to his descendants. The Nationalist Provincial Government has already taken up the cause of Confucius' descendants against the National Government.

The City of Chufu, where the original home of Confucius is situated, has hitherto been regarded as the Jerusalem of China.

The Duke Kung owned thousands of acres, given to him by various Emperors, in addition to the estate of Confucius. He had his own freight boats on the imperial canal, great herds of cattle, rice mills and opium factories. Even the Governor of the



Old Chinese Drawing of Confucius, Founder of Chinese Philosophy and One of the Wise Men in All History.



An Old Chinese Woodcut of Confucius With Sixteen of His Pupils Sitting at His Feet and Absorbing the Wisdom Which Has Dominated the Life and Religion of China for Twenty-five Centuries.

The Twenty-Foot High Tombstone of Confucius.

province had to bow-low to him as before the Emperors. His real name of the name was Kung. He was known as Kung Fu Tzu, that is, Kung the Master, or Philosopher. Confucius is a Latinization of this name.

The Temple of Chufu is built on the site of the Confucius home-estate, and is very wonderful. It is described as a labyrinth of outer courts and inner courts and stone-arched bridges, and pavilioned gateways and avenues of great old trees, all leading up to the great central shrine of the sage with a high tiled roof of bright yellow, supported by stone columns, three feet in diameter, around which carved dragons dance.

Within the temple, the image of Confucius, surrounded by images of his most intimate disciples. The temple, with its central court, occupies but a fifth part of the temple enclosure. Behind it is the shrine of the wife of Confucius, with whom the greatest of Chinese philosophers could not get along very happily.

There is also a hall, in honor of Confucius' father and another in memory of his mother. There is on containing the tablets of his more remote ancestors, and still another for those of his descendants.

There are buildings for the sacrifices in honor of Confucius, courts where the participating scholars and princes prepare themselves by fasting, and halls for the meetings of the literati, for the storing of the sacrificial utensils, and for the musical instrument that accompany the solemn minut, danced by boys, when the offerings are presented.

Other sights in the enclosure are the well, from which Confucius drank, the pleasant pavilion over the spot where he used to teach, the pear tree that he planted—now the third shoot from the original—and inscriptions commemorating the visits of the Emperors, each cut on a large monolith, upright on

the back of a tombstone.

The sacrificial ceremonies in honor of Confucius occur twice a year, at the Spring and Autumn equinox.

The offerings consist of bowls of grain, goblets of wine, a roll of white silk, and the carcasses of an ox, a sheep and a pig. Candles are lighted, incense burned, and the offerings are presented to the companion of the mind, and the dead.

Of the 20,000 inhabitants of Chufu, nine-tenths are Chinese philosophers could not get along very happily.

The greatest contribution of Confucius to moral teaching was his statement of the Golden Rule.

"What ye will not have done to you, do ye not unto others."

Thus, nearly five centuries before Christ, the great Chinese philosopher expressed the Golden Rule in almost the same words as the Founder of Christianity.

In the early days of the Christian Church the Golden Rule was slightly modified to the form:

"Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

The rule, as stated by Confucius, is more suited to the ordinary man, and thus the profound wisdom of the philosopher is shown.

The peculiar character of the Chinese language enabled Confucius to express this rule by one character, which, for want of a better translation, has been termed in English, "rectitude."

In this way the Chinaman has a better opportunity of absorbing virtuous teaching than a man of other races. He can carry the Golden Rule in a single character on his sleeve. It requires no such effort to understand it as it would to read through a sentence in English. It is as clear to him as a simple picture.

Here are a few of the most im-

portant moral and philosophical sayings of Confucius.

"What the superior man seeks is in himself; what the small man seeks is in others."

"The superior man is dignified, but does not wrangle; social, but does not pro-

"A poor man who does not flatter, and a rich man who is not proud, are passable characters; but they are not equal to the poor who yet are cheerful, and the rich who yet love the rules of propriety."

"Learning, undigested by thought, is labor lost; thought unassisted by learning, is perilous."

In style all that is required is that it convey the meaning. Extravagance leads to insubordination, and parsimony to meanness. It is better, to be mean than insubordinate."

There was a "screen interview" between them such as the Dowager Empress used to give to her ministers in modern times. But Confucius' disciples were indignant at the idea that their leader had demeaned himself to be near such a woman. To pacify them Confucius swore an oath appealing to Heaven to reject him if he had acted improperly.

China was, in the eyes of Confucius, drifting from its ancient moorings on a sea of storms to "hideous ruin and combustion," and his idea was to arrest this evil gathering up and preserving the records of antiquity, illustrating them by his own teachings.

Strangely to say, after 2500 years China is once more in a state of disturbance, which the philosopher might consider even more alarming than it was in his day, for one of the symptoms of the disturbance is the seizing of his descendants' property.

"While you do not know about life," returned the philosopher, evasively, "what can you know about death?"

The ancestry of Confucius went back to the kings of Shao-Tung, in almost prehistoric times. His authentic ancestry covered many more years than the 2500 that have passed since his day.

Confucius appears to have had doubts about the continued existence of men after death. Probably he was too wise to commit himself to an opinion on this point, knowing how wrong the Chinese in this belief. His disciple, Tse-lu asked him: "What becomes of a man's own self after he has passed from the stage of life?"

"The cautious seldom err."

"To give one's self earnestly to the duties due to man, and while respecting spiritual beings, to keep aloof from them—that is what may be called wisdom."

Stentious sayings like this have done much to form the Chinese character for more than two thousand years. Hundreds of thousands of the educated classes can repeat every sentence in the classical books containing his wisdom, and even common people have scores of the Confucian maxims in their memories.

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The Strange Story of a Master Crook Who Pitted Himself Against a Sinister Menace

Against



Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

[illegible]

"Is this girl here?" she
piction in her voice.
"Laugh when I tell you,"
"Lawnwright," but she's
image of you—that's
the face, the eyes, the
Knowing she was not
all, I've been telling
the core, to the pulchritude
taken from the
American crook."
"I believe it!"
"I'm not!" But I'm be-
cause I don't think it
it's time, I think, we
w-down."

AFTER XXVII.
Descent Exposed.

"Polanski has been us-
ing many cameras to film
great many scenes in Amer-
ica," he said. "I have seen
him. Several men, facing
Death Chair, although I
have heard their lives are
being spared. I am not
the witnesses of the crime."
"What I am going to re-
port will probably sound very
you, but in order that you
will have a more complete
picture, I intend to do so."
"What you have to
mind is this: That Polan-
ski has been, even after
the man's life, even after
son's will, can absolutely
anyone to whom it is im-
posed to be a crime."
But, he said, he would

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ory re-
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nnocent,
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ead out
dry to
ou may
e situa-
bear in
ain is a
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easible—

"I grew the family jewels for worth a fortune—perhaps a fortune as the wives followed to Paris by some of the Reds, and murdered. Think of it! I was the only one who told his only daughter where the jewels were. Before the war, she got to the jewels and she meets with a street accident. The jewels are not identical. The doctors say her memory is gone. This Baron follows her to her home, the villa, and hangs on to her until the time as he can remember the hidden place of the jewels. He proposed to be acting for the benefit of the poor, and to give it for himself." "Sounds like a really he" — commented Laurence. "It's all Hollywood rolled into one," was the reply; "you'd have to imagine you'd been there." "Has the girl spoken yet?" "Yes. We've had a swell dinner and she's been very complimentary as is nature to get to know you." "That's pretty indefinite." "I know. But I don't see what we can do." Patsy smiled. "You treat 'd me as though I'm a new kind of plague, Bob! I'm sure you'd be your little mascot once again."

She stared at her, uncomprehending.

**tastes
ood!"**
said
**gean Allen
age
7 years**



15) Wha
miracle

We may not notice it in ourselves—*otherwise!* But with Lifebuoy to safeguard us, we need never.

Lifebuoy gives an abundance of rich, creamy, antiseptic lather—even in hardest water. It penetrates pores—removes all odor—keeps the body fresh and sweet. The favorite toilet soap of millions of particular men and women. Its pleasant, *extra* perfume—its *extra* whiteness as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy purifies.

Complexions grow lovelier

Regular cleansing with Lifebuoy—that's the quick, easy way to a good complexion, say women everywhere. Its bland, searching lather *deep-cleanses* pores—gently frees them of clogged impurities—freshens dull skins till they glow with healthy, radiant beauty. Adopt Lifebuoy

Lifebuoy
HEALTH SOAP
—stops body odor—

pinch a wing off an angel if he could get near enough!"

Wainwright nodded. He knew Lefty's record.

"Well, we'll see," he promised. "Somehow or other, it strikes me that this stuff may be useful. The Baron is getting a short shift from the Reds—to whom he's supposed to hand over the jewels directly he puts hands on them." Woman-like, Pola, having set



● A real, little girl—a real story—and real proof that children like cod-liver oil this emulsified way.

Yot mothers—how you know what I mean? You can't get your youngsters, but I can't get yours to take it without a little of Vercan Allen, the merry-faced child above, has a hint for you.

Vergan, you see, has never liked plain cold-lyer oil. So when we were at the fair last night at 10 Livingston Ave., I asked N. Y. Mrs. Allen gladly agreed to let Vergan try some Scott's Emulsion of Cold-Lyver Oil.

Vergan took a spoonful. Then her worried eyes started to twinkle.

"I wouldn't think more," she said.

Pleasant to take —
but isn't all

"Pah, thin run-down children—they need cold-lyer oil. Give it to them—the pleasant way—give them Scott's Emulsion."

Scott's Emulsion has been strong and healthy since I don't expect even delicate stomachs like yours to purr. Norwegian cold-lyer oil in its pleasantest form—a perfect emulsion. A form that makes it easier to take—easier to digest. Almost un-

health-giving vitamins—and the assimilation is complete. You get more good out of Scott's Emulsion and you feel the benefits quicker.

Scott's Emulsion is rich in vitamin A, the growth-promoting vitamin that helps guard against disease. It is rich in vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin that prevents rickets. It also contains vital mineral elements that aid in forming sound bone and teeth. This gives Scott's Emulsion a special advantage for growing children, infants, nursing and expectant mothers. Get Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil today, at your druggist's. Watch cheeks grow rosy. See youngsters

SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF
VITAMIN-RICH **COD-LIVER OIL**
Pleasanter to take—Easier to digest

A black and white illustration of a muscular man, likely a bodybuilder, flexing his right arm. He has a determined expression and is looking slightly to the side. The drawing uses hatching and cross-hatching to create strong shadows and highlights on his muscles, emphasizing their size and definition. He is wearing a simple, dark, sleeveless garment.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

[illegible]

Track hurries Emily home, and when Arthur returns tells him that she met his wife on her way to Hungerford House drove her back, and that as Emily was getting out she slipped on the running board and fell. Emily dies shortly afterward.

John Sherman passes the scene of the wreck a few minutes later

CHAPTER XIX (Continued).
The Letter.

"Don't yield to the temptation, Lamb," said John. "Remember that Mr. Neill must still eat—and that people are to be excused for what they do at a time like this."

"Perhaps I should, Lamb, thank you," returned John, and he took a cup. "You were saying about Mrs. Neill. . . ?"

"It seems only a minute since that she was standing here—and saying, 'Mind you give the letter to Mr. Neill the moment he

There was a pause, and John finished his coffee in a quiet deliberation, put the cup down. Only his eyes betrayed his excitement.

"And have you — given the letter yet, Lamb?" he asked.

"No, sir. For what happened later naturally put the letter out

Leland Took Her Hands in His. "but I shall ask you

"You're quite right, sir," said Lamb. "It would entirely unman him. I'm afraid." And he went out of the living room.

It won't be easy," He Said, Seriously,
to help me, Brook."

slowly opened it, and read. It was not a long letter, but it was quite long enough to break a heart. And having read it, John put it into his pocket, as Brook

"How our little histories repeat themselves!" he thought, and his hand encountered the letter lying within his pocket.

"But she will find happiness yet," he said to himself. "This letter will be the key that unlocks a better life to Arthur and Florence. And then he went to find Arthur, not knowing that there was to be a day when the simple piece of paper on which was Emily's cruel farewell, would wield a power as dread as that of any death warrant for trembling prisoner.

SIX months passed and Emily and Allan—one could throw a stone between the two graves—lay quietly asleep beneath the snow. A month—and in all the month, not a breath of suspicion had arisen to cloud the stories of how they had come to their deaths; indeed, there were times when it seemed that everything conspired to strengthen the tissue of lies which Brook

And then he would smile brightly, and add, "A beautiful woman, Mrs. Neill—beautiful."

(Continued on Page 15)

National Power GLIDE

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 ere large I will pay you \$1.00 and post-
 e charges. My satisfaction guaranteed

NEED *** **

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THEN PERMANENTLY
LIEB. Amazing Fairplay
gradually dissolves painful ugly bunions. Quick
enables you to wear smaller shoes. No sur-
sives. No cumbersome appliances. This marvel-
ous discovery entirely different. Test successful-
on 500 600 feet. Write today for trial treatment
absolutely free! (Nothing to pay, no C.O.D.)
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RECEIVED

Age Group	Percentage
18-24	10%
25-34	20%
35-44	25%
45-54	20%
55-64	15%
65-74	10%
75-84	5%
85+	5%

This drugless way comes from Switzerland and is used in 54 countries throughout the world. Here in America, over 20,000 doctors endorse it, because it is safe, sane and simple. If you lie awake for hours, or morning finds you tired and "logy", try the Swiss discovery tonight.

Does Three Things

Third, it rebuilds worn-out nerve cells. Because it contains in concentrated form nerve restorative called "lecithin" which

Try It Tonight

make an amazing difference. Your whole appearance will *show* the result of this restful sleep and new vitality.

Whenever you begin to "feel" your stomach, just take 4 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine in a half glass of warm milk with your meal. You will be surprised at the way it helps your stomach and restores your appetite.

Whatever you think of the claims made for Ovaltine, just try it! It has brought restful sleep and teeming energy to thousands. You'll be surprised at what it does for you.

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"My dear Brook," he said, "I have something to tell you, something very sad and terrible. Our Allan was badly hurt tonight."

John Sherman tightened his arms about her and a little silence followed.

"He was dead?" she asked, and he saw suddenly how this must have tortured her; the thought that Allan was not, perhaps, dead when she had left him.

"He was dead," answered John. "He had been killed instantly."

Her face was hidden now and she was sobbing.

"No, not as I would have been sorry," he agreed, sadly. He re-

"It seems dreadful so say it, it seems heartless to say it," she told him. "But I think that Allan—had he been able to see

he could have stood a life that would never have any Emily in it any more!"

Reserved.

Hair beginning to recede? A bit thin over the temples?

But you've still got a chance to hold your hair line, if you just follow this simple routine. Once a week apply

And this easy treatment, followed by your usual shampoo, is all you need, because the Tonic cleanses and

The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Two sizes of shakes, ten bottles.



U.S. PAT. OFF. CHARTERED Mfg. CO. CODE A, 1979

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and their corresponding dates. The names are: John Doe, Jane Smith, and Bob Johnson. The dates are: 1/1/2020, 2/1/2020, and 3/1/2020.

New Revelations of Isadora Duncan's Extraordinary Career

(Continued from Double Page)

any transmission medium for reaching you. Besides, a marriage is an entirely different affair from love. To be married to a woman and to love her are two entirely different facts. You don't need to love a woman to marry her, and I never marry a woman I love. I never mix my

love with my marriages. I am the husband of many married women, my last wife, Countess Sofia Tolstoy, being the granddaughter of the late Leo Tolstoy, the novelist.

"Why do you marry a woman if you don't love her?" she continued.

"Oh, well, I marry a woman for purely economic reasons,



Ease in 5 Minutes—Comfort in 5 Hours

MUSCULAR RHEUMATIC Aches and Pains

Draw them out with a "counter-irritant"

DISTRESSING muscular lameness, soreness and stiffness—generally respond pleasantly to good old **Musterole**. Doctors call it a "counter-irritant," because it gets action and is not just a salve. This famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients helps to bring movement and pain to the surface, and thus gives natural relief. You can feel how its warming action penetrates and stimulates blood circulation. But do not stop with one application.

For full relief, apply this soothing, cooling, soothing ointment **generously** to the affected area **once every hour for five hours**. Use by millions for over 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses.

Keep **Musterole** handy! Jars and tubes.



To Mothers—**Musterole** is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's **Musterole**.

BALDNESS CAN BE AVOIDED

TRY **LUCKY TIGER** If your hair is falling out. This proven germicide works wonders. A soothing germicide kills bacteria to hair and scalp. Millions use it. Millions praise it. Millions apply it. Apply **LUCKY TIGER** to the scalp. It is for men and women.

New Comfort for Those Who Wear FALSE TEETH

No longer does any wearer of false teeth need to be uncomfortable. **Falseth's** is a soft, elastic, improved powder, distributed on teeth, gums, and in the mouth. It holds them firm and comfortable. No denture, any more as before. No chafing, any more as before. No eating with your own teeth. Avoid embarrassment. Use **Falseth's** at any drug store. If not obtainable at your drug store, send for large quantity. **Falseth's** Incorporated, Birmingham, N. Y.

whereas I love a woman who thrills me with her romantic charms, as you," he explained. "I married five women in ten years of my poetic career, as I thought I might manage to love them. It was a series of experiments with myself and the women who married me. But I am sorry to say they remained nothing but simple and brutal wives—women who have been extremely servile and helpful to me in the disagreeable details of life, yet as to developing any romantic sentiments—there was no sign of these."

About a year later Yessenia committed suicide in the room at the Hotel d'Angleterre where he and Isadora had once lived, in Leningrad, after he had spent the last months of his life in the love of death. When Isadora was told of it she said, "Poor little Serge, I have cried so much over him that I have no tears left."

The astonishing philosophy of life of Isadora is revealed in this comment she once made on Yessenia:

"Serge loved me above all his other wives, and I did not mind his having four legal wives besides myself, as his love for me was on a different scale," she said. "Why, one day all five wives of my late husband sat at his feet and listened to him reciting us wonderful poems, each different from the other as day and night. Serge loved my soul and he loved Zinaida's feminine fascination and Sofia's great beauty. We had no conflicts and quarrels."

"Serge usually spent one

month with each of his five wives. To the poet it was a great romantic event to visit his wife whom he had not seen for five months. She was like a new love, and so his life was a constant honeymoon trip."

After a brief and "profitless" tour in Russia, where she found that there was no money for luxuries, and where she finally danced free for the masses, and one recital in Berlin, when her Russian manager absconded with all the receipts, she went back to Paris on money received from the United States. That soon disappeared, and six months later, Mercedes D'Acoeta, the American playwright, found her in a miserable hotel on the left bank of the Seine, in utter destitution.

Nursed tenderly back to health and supplied with the necessities and some of the luxuries of life, Isadora recovered also her spirits and her ambition, and gave several successful studio recitals in Paris and in Nice. At this time she was without a lover, having left in Russia the young musician whom she accepted after Yessenia's desertion, but she soon accepted Vida, a young Russian pianist, who stuck to her through many months of serious want until her death. She had learned to drink more soberly, and she could no more live without human love than she could without food, beauty and music.

In Paris some of her friends returned to her and others watched her from a distance ready to come forward with money when she got into diffi-

culties, and she resumed for a few months at least a semblance of the life she had known at her prime. Much as lack of it had caused her to suffer, she had no regard for money. If she had one hundred or one thousand francs she would spend it that day with no thought of the morrow.

She received advances for both the English and the American rights of her memoirs to meet living expenses while writing them, with many thousands upon their completion, but spent the money freely and did not finish her book until three years later. She was honest enough in thought and eventually met most of the bills she contracted, but was totally irresponsible as far as money was concerned.

Upon the persuasion of Deiti, Isadora rehearsed her dances for a new beginning and gave a recital on July 8, 1927, at the Theatre Mogador in Paris. It was an artistic success before an overcrowded house and it appeared that the seemingly impossible had been attained and that the great Isadora was on her way back to the heights of fame and fortune.

The audience rose on mass and cheered her and the lobby was filled with thousands of francs worth of flowers, but Isadora received not a centime as the expenses had eaten up the large receipts.

It was her last recital, but a glorious audit to Paris and to the stage.

Again penniless, she could have

visited the United States as the guest of Mercedes D'Acoeta, and quite possibly re-establish herself on the stage and financially had she been willing to leave her young Russian lover, Vida, behind. She rejected that single condition and went to Deauville with Vida, where they lost the thousand franc note which her friend had given her at the parting. They walked the streets without even the few pennies asked for a seat on a park bench until Deiti rescued them, footless and hungry. She insisted upon staying a few days at the best hotel, where she feasted until the arrival of the hundred-pound check paid in advance on the English rights of her memoirs. When she paid the bill and again reached Paris she had no money left.

Isadora and Deiti were driven to Nice by a former sweetheart of Vida, who preceded them by train. There, for weeks, alternately flush from the sale of an automobile which had been given to her from the proceeds of a few small recitals and through Deiti's receipt of money from Deiti, and then miserably broke through Isadora's spendthrift ways, she was happy and worked hard on a new dance program and played madly with friends of earlier days, including the King of Spain, Robert Winthrop, Charles and Picabia, the painters and others of the three arts.

Finally the last of the money was gone, with no more in sight and the landlord clamored for the studio rent. In a mountain

villa fifteen miles from Nice lived the man whom Isadora had adored when he was her lover and she had refused to marry him and whom she still loved. In desperation Deiti went to him. He at first refused money to her for Isadora because he believed she was beyond the help that money could afford, but the next day he appeared at Isadora's studio in Nice and arranged that in two days he would complete details of an annuity that would bear her above all want and permit her to rebuild her career.

On the day following his visit and promise, just one day before she would have been cared for permanently, Isadora started for a ride in a racing car with a man whom she had flirted with in a restaurant.

She wore a gorgeous red shawl which had been given to her by Deiti. She wound it around her shoulders and one long end fell in a graceful drape over the side of the car. Deiti stood and nudged her, but she did not heed him. On an obscure street in the twilight she saw her lover staring at the man to be particularly careful.

The car started. A gush of wind blew the hanging end of the shawl and one long end fell in the unprotected wheel. With the first revolutions of the wheel the shawl was blown violently down against the side of the car and her neck was broken. Her last words, as she stepped into the car, were a jocular: "Adieu, bon ami, je vais à la gloire."

Red Hate by Sydney Harner

(Continued from Page 15)

forms. But we must hope for the best," turning to his cane-book, and wondering how much he should charge this American.

A few minutes later, Professor Morrill left 1125 Harvey Street with every detail arranged.

At almost the same moment as Professor Morrill walked down London's most famous medical street, a man called at Scotland

Yard, and pleaded earnestly to be allowed to see Detective-Inspector Meredith.

"But you can't see him," he was told. "The Inspector's in hospital."

"In hospital?" gasped the caller.

"Haven't you read the papers?" was the reply. "Didn't you know that the Inspector's car was blown up by a bomb last night just outside here? Some-

body'll have to pay for that," prognosticated the Constable, sucking his teeth.

"Mr. Meredith was not killed?"

"Not likely! Take more than a bomb to kill 'im! But 'e's in St. Thomas's Hospital—fair shook up. And in the next room—but there, I'm talking too much. Who are you?"

"I'm the servant of one of the Detective-Inspector's closest

friends. Charles Sanders is my name. And it's a matter of life and death, I tell you, that I should see the Inspector straight away. There's murder been done."

"What again? Well, I'll see something about it. You stay here."

Whilst he remained in the waiting room, Charles went through the astonishing events of the night before.

Although he had appeared to before Panton, he had previously determined to follow his master, no matter where he went. That was why he had been waiting for his cousin to have his little car waiting conveniently near the flat.

Unknown to Panton, this baby-carriage of a car had followed him that night for the first time, and keeping to the trail with an intention that would not have disgraced Sherlock Holmes.

His companion had been good and had in part, Charles recalled with gratitude the really remarkable driving feat put up by his cousin. Many times, it seemed, they would be shaken off, but on each occasion Charles had urged Horace to greater effort. And Horace had not failed him. Within a minute of his first arrival at its destination, they had pulled up outside the yard. Crossing around the edge corner of the brickwork, Charles had watched Panton emerge from the closed car and disappear into what he could only describe as "horrible-looking house."

What should he do now? That was the question. What would a real detective have done in the circumstances? He put the problem to his cousin, whose reply was dampening.

"Speaking for myself, Charles, I'm going home. I'm cold and I want me supper. You can stay here if you like. But I've had enough."

It was at this point that he experienced acute disappointment in the companion he had enlisted for that evening's affair. Horace might be a good driver, but as a modern knight-errant he was a distinct failure. And nothing would persuade him to change his mind—he might sell fire-arms, he said, but he was determined not to use them. He wasn't such a blanket fool. After another vain attempt to rouse some latent spirit of chivalry in the fellow, Charles allowed him to go.

"What good can you do?" Horace had inquired, on the point of departure.

"You don't think I'm going to let Mr. Panton be murdered, do you?" was the indignant response.

"Be practical, man," was the reply. "He went in there of his own accord, didn't he? And as for being murdered, that's all eye-wash. You'd be better off in your bed."

That, Charles decided that any further argument would be useless.

"Right," he said, with a touch of contempt in his voice; "I'll carry on alone."

He had got to this stage in his reminiscences when the door of the wayward room opened, and a play figure in plain attire entered.

"Sergeant Morrison," the newcomer announced; "what's all this about you wanting to see Detective-Inspector Meredith?"

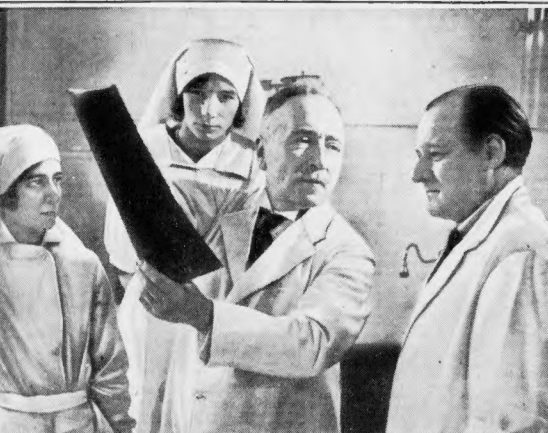
To Be Continued Next Sunday.

* Health Slipping? *



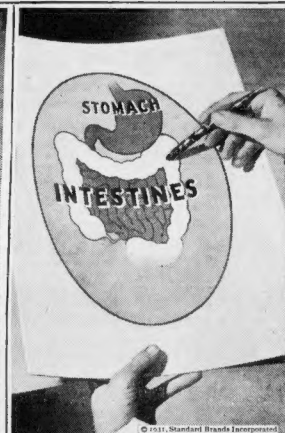
TIRIED ALL OVER? That's a sign your body is being poisoned—from within!

Noted Physician Explains Danger



DR. GEORGES ROSENTHAL, celebrated authority of the Panzer Institute, in Paris, explains how poisons form when intestines are stagnant and unclean. These poisons circulate through the body—undermine vitality and health.

* in Clogged Intestines *



THIS IS WHERE the trouble starts! "Keep intestines clean with fresh yeast," Doctor Rosenthal urges.

DANGEROUS POISONS spread from Here!

DO you tire easily? Is your appetite poor, your pep all gone? Are you subject to indigestion, to headaches, to frequent colds?

And do you really want to find out what is wrong... what it is that's keeping you from perfect health, from greater success, from more abundant living?

Then read what follows—carefully. It is a message from one of the foremost medical authorities in Europe today... Dr. Georges Rosenthal, Laureate of the Institute and of the Academy of Medicine of France.

Doctor Rosenthal says—

"When an unclean condition arises in the intestines, poisons form. These poisons pene-

trate into the blood and affect the whole system.

"To keep the digestive and intestinal tract clean, medical science recognizes the surprising value of fresh yeast.

"Fresh yeast is a food—not a drug. It corrects indigestion... tones up the system... increases resistance to colds. Coated tongue, bad breath... headaches, pimples, etc., clear up."

There is opinion based on a lifetime of medical experience! And how sensible—how very simple to act upon!

For fresh yeast—Fleischmann's Yeast—acts in Nature's own way to correct Intestinal Fatigue and thus to clear away the poisonous breeding wastes that contaminate your system.

As soon as you eat it, Fleischmann's Yeast mixes with the contents of your digestive tract... softens them... stimulates the

muscles that help your body clear them away.

Thus yeast gradually restores normal intestinal action, stimulates internal secretions, tones up and cleanses the whole digestive mechanism. Your appetite picks up. Headaches and skin troubles are corrected. Ambition and energy revive!

And all without a single dose of medicine, a single bitter cathartic or pill!

You can eat Fleischmann's Yeast any way you like—preferably just plain, or in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold). Eat three cakes every day—one before each meal, or between meals and at bedtime. Each cake is rich in three health-giving vitamins—B, G and D.

At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains.



Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh yeast...the only kind that benefits you fully.

Eat 3 cakes a day!

STREAKED HAIR?

This way brings even color

FADED streaks—dull strands—gray hair—all vanish at the touch of this famous cream, water-like liquid. Just comb it on and color comes back, brown, Auburn, Blonde. Hair grows soft—easy to curl or wave. Entirely SAFE. Millions know this time-tested way.

Test it FREE—Will you try Mary T. Goldman's on a single lock of hair? No charge. No obligation. Simply Free Test Package. But mail the coupon.

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In 3 Days
Clear, Smooth,
Like a Baby's

Peels off your pimples, blackheads, freckles and other blemishes. Leaving a clear, new, smooth and youthful skin in 3 days. Coarseness, large pores and signs of aging disappear. The skin of your face and neck grows so soft and clear that you can hardly remember your annoying blemishes.

FREE OFFER
How to beautifully clear your old blemished skin at home and ensure you will have your clear, smooth skin for all seasons for a new and interesting look, about \$10.00. **NEW KID IN 3 DAYS!** Any reader of this magazine can now get a free copy of a most rare of letters, "The New Kid in 3 Days," by writing a post card of interest to the author, Mary T. Goldman, New York, N. Y. It will come to you in plain wrapper, postpaid, FREE.



Chest Colds

Coldness the chest mean congestion. This congestion in bronchial tubes and air passages must be relieved by bringing fresh blood to the congested parts. The deeply penetrating quality of BAUME BENQUE (pronounced Bay-Kay) stimulates chest circulation, lessening deeper congestion and bringing prompt relief.

Prescribed for over 30 years, for every pain of nerve and muscle.

"Ben Gay"
Accept No Substitutes

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HOW TO DARKEN GRAY HAIR

Makes One Look Younger.

Men and women who used to be called Grandpa and Grandma are now setting the style by darkening their gray hair at home.

For instance, J. A. McCrea, a well-known Californian, recently made the following statement:

"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture in five minutes that will darken gray hair and make it soft and lustrous. Merely take a halfpint of water, add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small loaf of Barbo Compound, and 1 ounce of glycerine."

"These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at trifling cost. Apply to the hair twice weekly with a comb. It does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and will not rub off."

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

About wrinkles and discoloration by regularly using Mercolized Wax. Get an extra, and use as directed. Lustrous and soft skin is your reward and all defects disappear. Mercolized Wax keeps the skin as young as possible. It is the best skin cream ever discovered. It is the best skin cream ever discovered. It is the best skin cream ever discovered.

Liquid Silmerine

For hair and skin. It is the best skin cream ever discovered.

How Bright and Full of Energy This Boy Looks!

He Keeps His Face and Hands Clean and Healthy with Cuticura Soap

Teach children early in life to use Cuticura Soap every day and Cuticura Ointment for any rashes or irritations. Shampoo with Cuticura Soap keep the hair healthy and thick.

Send for Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Write to: Cuticura Soap Co., 1001 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Advertisement.

For the Cold Winter Days

By Mary Lee Swann.
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Chocolate Squares.

CREAM $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cups sifted sugar and beat until smooth. Add 2 beaten eggs, and when smooth add 1 cup sour milk alternately with 2 cups flour sifted with 1 teaspoon salt and 1

teaspoon soda. Beat vigorously and add 4 ounces chocolate melted over hot water. Bake in buttered and floured layer cake pans. Cover with chocolate marmalade, low icing, or mystery icing, and cut in squares.

Crown Roast of Pork.

SELECT ribs of pig and have butcher make a crown as for crown of lamb. Cover the top of each bone with salt pork. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Roast in oven until well done, basting frequently. Place on a hot platter. File well-seasoned, hot, fluffy, mashed potatoes inside the crown. Arrange a border of bright red steamed apples around the meat. Remove the salt pork and place a bright cranberry on the tip of each bone.

Spanish Stew.

DICE 2 pounds of round steak. Melt 4 tablespoons fat, add 3 finely chopped onions, 1 tablespoon minced parsley (if parsley flavor is desired), and 1 crushed clove of garlic. Cook slowly until onion is delicately colored. Remove garlic. Add the meat and onion in delicately colored. Add 3 shredded green peppers (freed from seeds) and 1 quart boiling water or stock. Cover and simmer gently about 1 hour. Add 3 or 4 cups sliced potatoes and simmer 1 hour. Thicken with 2 or 3 tablespoons flour blended with 2 or 3 tablespoons cold water. Stir with a fork until flour is thoroughly cooked.

Beef Tongue with Cranberries.

CLEAN a beef tongue carefully. Cook slowly in salted water until tender. Remove skin and trim end. Prepare a sauce with 1 cup of the water in which the tongue was cooked, 1 cup light brown sugar, 1 cup strained seedless cranberries, 4 tablespoons butter, 1 dozen cloves, and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Place the tongue in a large saucepan and pour the sauce over it. Simmer gently about 30 minutes. Place on a large platter, serving dish and serve immediately.

Cocoa Squares.

CREAM $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter and add $\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar gradually. Add 3 well beaten egg yolks. Mix and sift $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cocoa. Add alternately with cup milk to the first mixture. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cups chopped nut and $\frac{1}{4}$ table-spoon vanilla. Mix thoroughly and fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into buttered layer cake pan and bake in a hot oven, or at about 350 degrees, for 15 minutes. When cold, cover with fudge frosting. Cut in squares.

Best Orange Marmalade.

GRIND or shred 3 pounds oranges, discarding seeds. Cover with $\frac{1}{2}$ quarts cold water. Let stand overnight. Simmer until soft. To each cup of the boiled orange mixture add 1 cup sugar. Boil, stirring constantly, until mixture jellies when tested on saucer.

Nut Bread.

MIX and sift 3 cups flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 2 teaspoons salt and 7 level teaspoons baking powder. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk mixed with 1 well beaten egg. When well blended add 1 cup chopped nut meats and 3 tablespoons melted shortening. Turn into a greased loaf bread pan, let stand 10 or 15 minutes, and bake in a hot oven, or at about 375 degrees, for 1 hour.

Fudge Brownies.

MIX 1 cup sugar with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted butter. Add 1 egg, 2 ounces chocolate (melted over hot water), $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt. Beat vigorously. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup black walnuts. Line a buttered layer cake pan with buttered paper. Spread mixture in pan. Bake in a slow oven. Turn out on cake cooler and cut in squares while still warm.

American Weekly Patterns



Send 10 cents in coin for our Up-to-Date Fall and Winter 1930-1931 Book of Fashions, in colors, with comprehensive dress-making suggestions.

Advertisement.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Orange Juice, Cereal, Soft Coffee, Eggs, Muffins, Coffee.	Breakfast Pineapple, Cereal, Soft Coffee, Eggs, Muffins, Coffee.	Breakfast Shred Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Bacon, Tea.	Breakfast Shred Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Bacon, Tea.	Breakfast Shred Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Bacon, Tea.	Breakfast Shred Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Bacon, Tea.	Breakfast Shred Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Bacon, Tea.
Luncheon Vegetable Soup, Gratin Roll, Fruit, Dinner (Company) Baked Ham with Browned Potatoes or Horseradish Sauce, Cauliflower or Spinach, Potatoes, Heart Lettuce with Roquefort Dressing, Crisp Pudding with Foamy Sauce.	Luncheon Vegetable Soup, Gratin Roll, Fruit, Dinner (Company) Baked Ham with Browned Potatoes or Horseradish Sauce, Cauliflower or Spinach, Potatoes, Heart Lettuce with Roquefort Dressing, Crisp Pudding with Foamy Sauce.	Luncheon Vegetable Soup, Gratin Roll, Fruit, Dinner (Company) Baked Ham with Browned Potatoes or Horseradish Sauce, Cauliflower or Spinach, Potatoes, Heart Lettuce with Roquefort Dressing, Crisp Pudding with Foamy Sauce.	Luncheon Vegetable Soup, Gratin Roll, Fruit, Dinner (Company) Baked Ham with Browned Potatoes or Horseradish Sauce, Cauliflower or Spinach, Potatoes, Heart Lettuce with Roquefort Dressing, Crisp Pudding with Foamy Sauce.	Luncheon Vegetable Soup, Gratin Roll, Fruit, Dinner (Company) Baked Ham with Browned Potatoes or Horseradish Sauce, Cauliflower or Spinach, Potatoes, Heart Lettuce with Roquefort Dressing, Crisp Pudding with Foamy Sauce.	Luncheon Vegetable Soup, Gratin Roll, Fruit, Dinner (Company) Baked Ham with Browned Potatoes or Horseradish Sauce, Cauliflower or Spinach, Potatoes, Heart Lettuce with Roquefort Dressing, Crisp Pudding with Foamy Sauce.	Luncheon Vegetable Soup, Gratin Roll, Fruit, Dinner (Company) Baked Ham with Browned Potatoes or Horseradish Sauce, Cauliflower or Spinach, Potatoes, Heart Lettuce with Roquefort Dressing, Crisp Pudding with Foamy Sauce.

Advertisement.

The Old Story...a Joke or a Tragedy?



IT'S a good joke in vaudeville—the bride who can't cook and the husband who's grouchy at breakfast.

But it was no joke at our house! Bob wasn't the kind of man who could laugh off burned toast and bad coffee every morning. . . . Here was I, a bride of two months, actually afraid to sit down to breakfast with my husband! More and more I bitterly regretted, between tears, that I hadn't learned to cook before my marriage.

One day in the store I heard two women talking . . .

"My husband has the Aunt Jimma blues if he doesn't have Aunt Jimma pancakes every morning for breakfast," the younger one said. That gave me an idea. I moved a little closer.

"Of course, Edward loves Aunt Jimma too," replied the motherly looking soul with her. "But I use Aunt Jimma because it saves me so much time. Why, I can mix those cakes up and bake them while the coffee's boiling—"

"So tender and light, aren't they? They say it's the four grains—that special Aunt Jimma mixture of corn, rye, rice and wheat. . . . I'll take two packages, please. We use it up so fast."

I took two packages home with me too. Next morning I did just as the directions said: added 1 cup of milk to 1 cup of Aunt Jimma Pancake Flour and

stirred them up. Dropped them on a hot griddle. In 2 minutes I had actually made pancakes!

Bob smiled at me with delight over his plate. "Good girl!" he said. "I was beginning to get a bit discouraged. Three cheers for Aunt Jimma!" (Maybe I haven't cheered her, and the smiles she brings to my husband's face, ever since!)

Why don't you try this time saver . . . ready-mixed Aunt Jimma Pancake Flour? You'll love it! At your grocer's. The Quaker Oats Company.

FREE—to get a trial size package of Aunt Jimma Pancake Flour together with recipe leaflet giving many tempting ways of serving pancakes and waffles, just fill out and mail coupon.

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Send this to: THE OLD TRUSTY CO., 1100 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Please send me a FREE copy of The Old Trusty Dog Book.

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I will Train You at Home to fill a **Big Pay** Radio Job



proof

Max made \$10,000 more in Radio
St. Paul, Minn.
Dear Mr. Smith:
I am not exaggerating when I say that I didn't know a radio was so simple as the time I started to work for you. My first position was with the General Corporation. During my four years with them I learned a great deal about radio, but I never had any practical experience. Since then I have worked with the West Coast Radio Company. I was able to get that position because of the training I received from you. I have made \$10,000 more in Radio since I have started with you. I am very grateful to you for your training. I am, J. L. Dugan.

Skidom under \$100 a week
New York, N.Y.
Dear Mr. Smith:
Just as I had to say "hello" to you and tell you that I was a radio man, I have now to tell you that I am a radio man. I have been working for you for some time now, and I have learned a great deal about radio. I have been able to get a position with the West Coast Radio Company. I was able to get that position because of the training I received from you. I have made \$10,000 more in Radio since I have started with you. I am very grateful to you for your training. I am, J. L. Dugan.

Jumped from \$35 to \$300 a week
St. Louis, Mo.
Dear Mr. Smith:
It is a great joy to report to you that I have been able to get a position with the West Coast Radio Company. I was able to get that position because of the training I received from you. I have made \$10,000 more in Radio since I have started with you. I am very grateful to you for your training. I am, J. L. Dugan.

More than \$400 a month
St. Paul, Minn.
Dear Mr. Smith:
I really believe that every man should have your course in Radio. It is a great joy to report to you that I have been able to get a position with the West Coast Radio Company. I was able to get that position because of the training I received from you. I have made \$10,000 more in Radio since I have started with you. I am very grateful to you for your training. I am, J. L. Dugan.

My book "Rich Rewards in Radio" gives you full information on these big jobs and explains how you can quickly become a Radio Expert through my practical Home Study training. If you are earning a penny less than \$30 a week, send for my book of valuable information on the opportunities in Radio. It is free. Clip and mail the coupon NOW. Radio's amazing growth is making hundreds of fine jobs every year which pay \$50, \$60, \$75 and \$100 a week. Many of these jobs quickly lead to salaries as high as \$125, \$150 and \$200 a week.

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tells how!
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Ever so often a new business is started in this country. You have seen how the men and young men who got into the automobile, motion picture and other industries when they were started had the first chance at the big jobs—now the \$3,000, \$10,000 and \$15,000 a year men. Radio offers you the same chance that made men rich in those businesses. It has already made many men independent and will make many more wealthy in the future. You will be kicking yourself if you pass up this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for quick financial independence.

Hundreds of \$50 to \$100 a week jobs opening in Radio every year

Radio needs more trained men badly. In the short space of a few years 200,000 jobs have been created. Its amazing growth is making hundreds of more jobs every year. Many untrained men are now in Radio who had to be hired for lack of well-trained men. Men with the right training—the kind of training I will give you—are needed to take care of new jobs opening continually and to replace others in the field. That's why salaries for men "who know" are high. Study Radio with me for a short time and land yourself a real job with a real future.

Many earn \$10, \$20 and \$30 a week on the side while learning

My course is world-famous as the one "that pays for itself". The day you enroll I will give you information for doing ten jobs most common in every neighborhood. Throughout your course I will show you how to do other repair and service jobs on the side for extra money. I will not only show you how to do the jobs but how to get them. I'll give you the plans and ideas that are making \$200 to \$1,000 for my students while taking my course. There is no need for you to skip and deny yourself to pay the tuition fee—you should be able to make enough to meet your payments and have money left over besides. G. W. Page, 107 Raleigh Apts., Nashville, Tenn., writes: "I made \$93.50 in my spare time while taking your course." My book, "Rich Rewards in Radio," gives many letters from students who earned four, five and six times their tuition fee before they graduated.

Take your pick of these big pay jobs

Broadcasting stations use engineers, operators, station managers and pay \$1,800 to \$3,000 a year. Radio manufacturers continually need testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, service men, buyers and managers for jobs paying up to \$15,000 a year. Shipping companies use hundreds of operators. Give them world-wide travel with practically no expense and a good salary besides. Radio dealers and jobbers (there are over 55,000) are continually on the lookout for good service men. Salesmen, buyers, managers and pay \$30 to \$75 a week for good men. Talking pictures pay as much as \$75 to \$200 a week to men with Radio training. There are hundreds of opportunities for you to have a spare time or full time Radio business of your own—to be your own boss. I'll show you how to start your own business with practically no capital—how to do it on money made in spare time while learning.

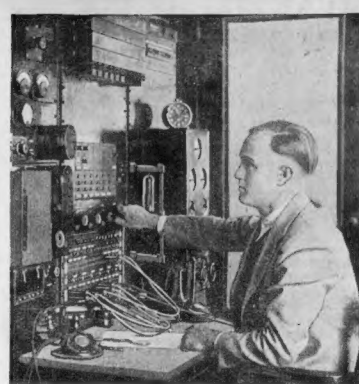
Find out what Radio offers you. Get my book AT ONCE

One copy of my valuable 61-page book, "Rich Rewards in Radio," is free to anyone interested in making more money. It has started hundreds of men and young men on the road to better jobs and a bright future. It has shown hundreds of men who were in blind alley jobs, how to get into easier, more fascinating, better paying work. It tells you where the good Radio jobs are, what they pay, how you can quickly and easily fit yourself to be a Radio Expert. The Coupon will bring you a copy free. Send it at once. Your request does not obligate you in any way. ACT NOW.

J.E. SMITH President
NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

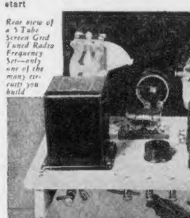


Dept. I. A. B.



I will Give You 8 Big Outfits of 'Radio Parts for a Home Experimental Laboratory

My course is not just theory. You learn by tackling real Radio problems—work out with your hands, using my 4 outfit. The principles, diagrams and circuits you learn from my lesson books. This 30-day method of home training makes learning easy, fascinating, interesting. You get as much practical experience under this systematic plan, in a few months, as the average fellow who hasn't had this training, gets in two to four years in the field. When you finish my course you won't need to start in any old job "just to get experience"—you'll be trained and, experienced ready for a good job from the start.



You can build over 100 circuits with the outfits I'll send you

These include circuits designed for all types of vacuum tubes—1-XB27, CX-287, A.C. heater type tubes in all types of stages: Screen Grid Tubes for battery operation and also A.C. current. You design, experiment with and build the circuits used in Crosey, Atwater Kent, Evershield, Majestic, Kolster, Radiola, Stewart Warner, Zenith, Philco, Edith, Stromberg-Carlson and many other sets on the market today. You learn all about the circuits used in different models and makes of sets—how they work, why they work, how they should work, how to make them work when they are out of order. You learn from your experiments exactly what to do and the correct way to do it when building and servicing sets. Training like this makes your knowledge complete. That's why men trained by N. R. I. get big jobs at big pay.



THIS COUPON IS GOOD for One FREE COPY OF MY BOOK (mail it now)

J. E. SMITH, President,
National Radio Institute, Dept. I. A. B.,
1616 U. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith—Send me your book, "Rich Rewards in Radio," which gives the facts on the opportunities for a good job in Radio and explains your practical, inexpensive, 30-day method of training men and young men at home to make more money as Radio Experts. I understand this request does not obligate me and that no agent will call on me. (Please help us to know what kind of job would most likely suit you best by giving your age below.)

Name..... Age.....
(Please write or print your name plainly)

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